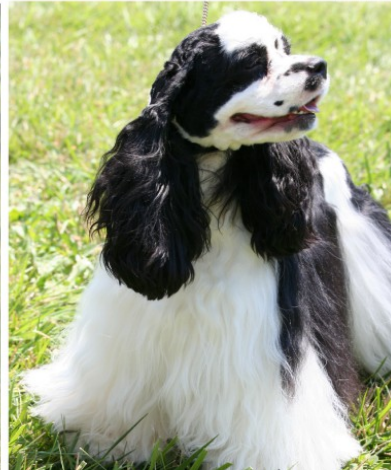
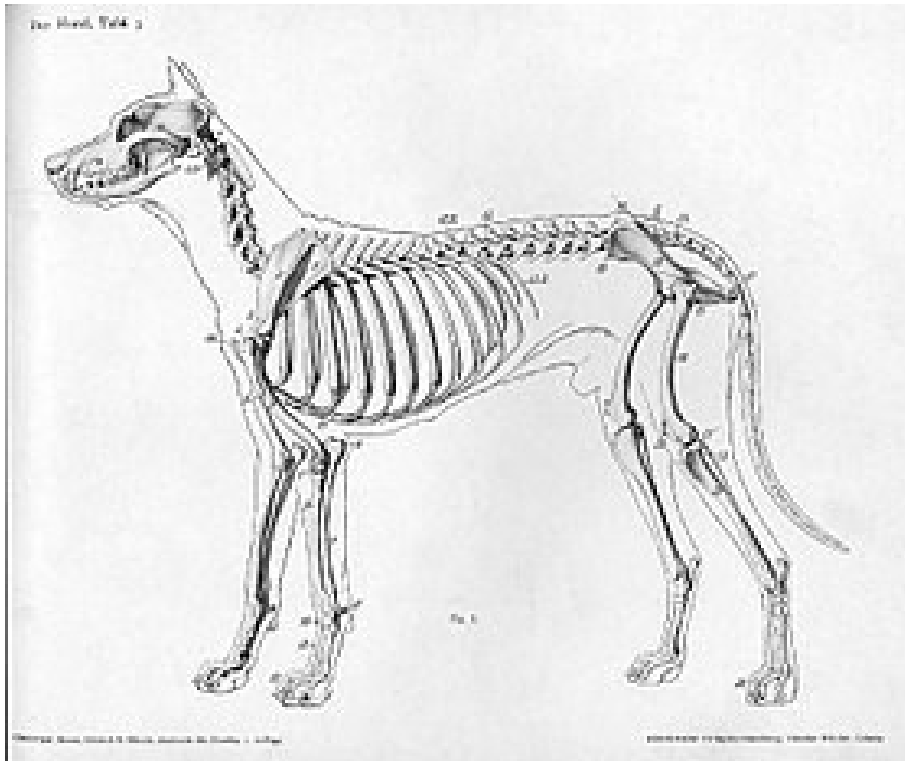


THE POWER OF THE DOG



THE POWER OF THE DOG

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Actions and Reactions*, by Rudyard Kipling

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie--
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find--it's your own affair
But... you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still!)
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone wherever it goes--for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long
So why in Heaven (before we are there!)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

DOG

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce*,
Volume 11

I

Of all anachronisms and survivals the love of the dog is the most reasonless. Because, some thousands of years ago, when we all wore other skins than our own and sat enthroned upon our haunches, tearing tangles of tendons from raw bones with our teeth, the dog ministered purveyorwise to our savage needs, we go on cherishing him to this day, when his only function is to lie sun-soaken on a door mat and insult us as we pass in and out enamored of his fat superfluity. One dog in a thousand earns his bread—and takes beefsteak; the other nine hundred and ninety-nine we maintain in the style suitable to their state by cheating the poor.

The trouble with the modern dog is that he is the same old dog. Not an inch has the rascal advanced along the line of evolution. We have ceased to squat upon our naked haunches and gnaw raw bones, but this companion of the childhood of the race, this vestigial remnant of _juventus mundi_, this dismal anachronism, this veteran inharmony in the scheme of things, the dog, has abated no jot nor tittle of his unthinkable objectionableness since the morning stars sang together and he had sat up all night to deflate a lung at the performance. Possibly he may some time be improved otherwise than by effacement, but at present he is still in that early stage of reform that is not inconsistent with a mouthful of reformer.

The dog is a detestable quadruped. He knows more ways to be unmentionable than can be named in seven languages. The word “dog” is a term of contempt the world over, as in the Scriptures. Poets have sung and prosaists have prosed of the virtues of individual dogs, but nobody has had the hardihood to eulogize the species. No man loves the Dog; one loves his own dog, and there stops; the force of perverted affection can no further go. He loves his own dog partly because that thrifty creature, ever cadging when not marauding, tickles his vanity by fawning upon him as the visible source of steaks and bones; and partly because the graceless beast insults everybody else, harming as many as he dares.

The dog is an encampment of fleas, and a reservoir of sinful smells. He is prone to bad manners as the sparks fly upward. He has no discrimination; his loyalty is given to the person that feeds him, be the same a blackguard or a murderer. He fights for his master without regard to the justice of the quarrel—wherein he is no better than a patriot or a soldier. There are men who are proud of a dog’s love—and dogs love that kind of men. There are men who, having the

privilege of loving women, insult them by loving dogs; and there are women who forgive and respect their canine rivals. Women, I am told, are true cynolaters; they adore not only dogs, but Dog—not only their own horrible little beasts, but those of others. But women will love anything; they even love men who love dogs. I sometimes wonder how it is that of all our women among whom the dog fad is prevalent none has incurred the husband fad, or the child fad. Possibly there are exceptions, but it seems to be a rule that the female heart which has a dog in it is without other lodgers. There is not, probably, a very wild and importunate demand for accommodation. For my part, I do not know which is the less desirable, the tenant or the tenement. There are dogs that submit to be kissed by women base enough to kiss them; but they have a secret, coarse revenge. For the dog is a joker, withal, gifted with as much humor as is consistent with biting.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has replied to Mrs. Meynell's proposal to abolish the dog—a proposal which Miss Guiney has the originality to call “original.” Divested of its “literature,” Miss Guiney's plea for the defendant consists, essentially, of the following assertions: (1) Dogs are whatever their masters are. (2) They bite only those who fear them. (3) Really vicious dogs are not found nearer than Constantinople. (4) Only wronged dogs go mad, and hydrophobia is retaliation. (5) In actions for damages for dog-bites judicial prejudice is against the dog. (6) Dogs are continually saving children from death. (7) Association with dogs begets piety, tenderness, mercy, loyalty, and so forth; in brief, the dog is an elevating influence: “to walk modestly at a dog's heels is a certificate of merit!” As to that last, if Miss Guiney had ever had the educating good fortune to observe the dog himself walking modestly at the heels of another dog she would perhaps have wished that it were not the custom of her sex to seal the certificate of merit with a kiss.

In all this absurd woman's statements, thus fairly epitomized, there is not one that is true—not one of which the essential falsity is not evident, obvious, conspicuous to even the most delinquent observation. Yet with the smartness and smirk of a graduating seminary girl refuting Epicurus she marshals them against the awful truth that every year in Europe and the United States alone more than one thousand human beings die of hydrophobia—a fact which her controversial conscience does not permit her to mention. The names on this needless death-roll are mostly those of small folk, the sins of whose parents in cherishing their own hereditary love of dogs is visited upon their children because these have not the intelligence and agility to get out of the way. Or perhaps they lack that tranquil courage upon which Miss Guiney relies to avert the canine tooth from her own inedible shank.

Finally this amusing illogician, this type and example of the female controversialist, has the hardihood to hope that there may be fathers

who can see their children die the horrible death of hydrophobia without wishing “to exile man’s best ideal of fidelity from the hearthstones of civilization.” If we must have an “ideal of fidelity” why not find it, not in the dog that kills the child, but in the father that kills the dog? The profit of maintaining a standard and pattern of the virtues (at considerable expense in the case of this insatiable canine consumer) may be great, but are we so hard pushed that we must go to the animals for it? In life and letters are there no men and women whose names kindle enthusiasm and emulation? Is fidelity, is devotion, is self-sacrifice unknown among ourselves? As a model of the higher virtues why will not one’s mother serve at a pinch? And what is the matter with Miss Guiney herself? She is faithful, at least to dogs, whatever she may be to the hundreds of American children foredoomed to a death of unthinkable agony from hydrophobia.

There is perhaps a hope that when the sun’s returning flame shall gild the hither end of the thirtieth century this savage and filthy brute, the dog, will have ceased to “banquet on through a whole year” of human fat and lean; that he will have been gathered to his variously unworthy fathers to give an account of his deeds done in the body of man. In the meantime, those of us who have not the enlightened understanding to be enamored of him may endure with such fortitude as we can command his feats of tooth among the shins and throats of those who have; we ourselves are so few that there is a strong numerical presumption of personal immunity.

It is well to have a clear understanding of such inconveniences as may be expected to ensue from dog-bites. That inconveniences and even discomforts do sometimes flow from, or at least follow, the mischance of being bitten by dogs, even the sturdiest champion of “man’s best friend” will admit when not heated by controversy. True, he is indisposed to sympathy for those incurring the inconveniences and discomforts, but against this apparent incompassion may be offset his indubitable sympathy with the dog. No one is altogether heartless.

Amongst the several disadvantages of a close personal connection with the canine tooth, the disorder known as hydrophobia has long held an undisputed primacy. The existence of this ailment is attested by so many witnesses, many of whom, belonging to the profession of medicine, speak with a certain authority, that even the breeders and lovers of snap-dogs are compelled reluctantly to concede it, though as a rule they stoutly deny that it is imparted by the dog. In their view, hydrophobia is a theory, not a condition. The patient, even if he is a babe, imagines himself to have it, and acting upon that unsupported assumption or hypothesis, suffers and dies in the attempt to square his conduct with his opinions. It seems there is firmer ground for their view of the matter than the rest of us have been willing to admit. There is such a thing, doubtless, as hydrophobia proper, but also there

is such another thing as pseudo-hydrophobia, or hydrophobia improper.

Pseudo-hydrophobia, the physicians explain, is caused by fear of hydrophobia. The patient, having been chewed by a healthy and harmless dog, broods upon his imaginary peril, solicitously watches his imaginary symptoms and finally persuading himself of their reality, puts them on exhibition as he understands them. He runs about (when permitted) on his hands and knees, growls, barks, howls and, in default of a tail, wags the part of him where it would be if he had it. In a few days he is gone before, a victim to his lack of confidence in man's best friend.

The number of cases of pseudo-hydrophobia, relative to those of true hydrophobia, is not definitely known, the medical records having been imperfectly made and never collated; champions of the snap-dog, as intimated, believe it is many to nothing. That being so (they argue) the animal is entirely exonerated and leaves the discussion without a stain upon his reputation.

But that is feeble reasoning; even if we grant their premises we can not embrace their conclusion. In the first place, it hurts to be bitten by a dog, as the dog himself audibly confesses when bitten by another dog. Furthermore, pseudo-hydrophobia is quite as fatal as if it were a legitimate product of the bite, not a result of the terror which that mischance inspires.

Human nature being what it is, and well known to the dog to be what it is, we have a right to expect that the creature will take our weaknesses into consideration—that he will respect our addiction to reasonless panic, even as we respect his when, as we commonly do, we refrain from attaching tinware to his tail. A dog that runs himself to death to evade a kitchen utensil which could not possibly harm him, and which if he did not flee would not pursue, is the author of his own undoing in precisely the same sense as is the victim of pseudo-hydrophobia. He is slain by a theory. Yet the wicked boy that set him going is not blameless, and no one would be so zealous and strenuous in his prosecution as the cynolater, the adorer of dogs, the person who holds them guiltless of pseudo-hydrophobia.

II

Mr. Nicholas Smith, while United States consul at Liege, wrote, or caused to be written, an official report, wickedly, wilfully and maliciously designed to abridge the privileges, augment the ills and impair the honorable status of the domestic dog. In the very beginning of this report Mr. Smith manifests his animus by stigmatizing the domestic dog as an “hereditary loafer;” and having “hurled the

allegation,” affirms “the dawn of a (Belgian) new era” wherein the pampered menial will loaf no more. There is to be no more sun-soaking on door mats having a southern exposure, no more usurpation of the warmest segment of the family semicircle, no more personal solicitation of cheer at the domestic board. The dog’s place in the social scale is no longer to be determined by considerations of sentiment, but will be the result of cold commercial calculation, and so fixed as best to serve the ends of industrial expediency. All this in Belgium, where the dog is already in active service as a beast of burden and draught; doubtless the transition to that humble condition from his present and immemorial social elevation in less advanced countries will be slow and characterized by bitter factional strife. America, especially, although ever accessible to the infection of new and profitable ideas, will be slow to accept so radical a subversion of a social superstructure that almost may be said to rest upon the domestic dog as a basic verity.

The dogs are our only true “leisure class” (even our tramps are sometimes compelled to engage in such simple industries as are possible in the county jail) and we are justly proud of them. Dogs toil not, neither spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not a dog. Instead of making them hewers of wood and drawers of water, it would be more consonant with the Anglomaniacal and general Old World spirit, now so dominant in the councils of the nation, to make them “hereditary legislators.” And Mr. Smith must permit me to add, with a special significance, that history records an instance of even a horse making a fairly good consul.

Mr. Smith avers with obvious satisfaction that in Liege twice as many draught dogs as horses are seen in the streets, attached to vehicles. He regards “a gaily painted cart” drawn by “a well fed dog” and driven by a well fed (and gaily painted) woman as a “pleasing vision.” I do not; I should prefer to see the dog sitting at the receipt of steaks and chops and the lady devoting herself to the amelioration of the condition of the universe and the manufacture of poetry and stories that are not true. A more pleasing vision, too, one endeared to eye and heart by immemorial use and wont, is that of stranger and dog indulging in the pleasures of the chase—stranger a little ahead—while the woman in the case manifests a characteristically compassionate solicitude lest the gentleman’s trousers do not match Fido’s mustache. It is, indeed, impossible to regard with any degree of approval the degradation to commercial utility of two so noble animals as Dog and Woman; and if Man had joined them together by driving-reins I should hope that God would put them asunder, even if the reins were held by Dog. There would no doubt be a distinct gain as well as a certain artistic fitness in unyoking the strong-minded female of our species from the chariot of progress and yoking her to the apple-cart or fish-wagon, but imminence of the draughtwoman is not foreshadowed in the report of our consul at Liege.

Mr. Smith's estimate of the number of dogs in this country at seven millions is a moderate one, it must be confessed, and can hardly have been based on observations by moonlight in a suburban village; his estimate of the effective strength of the average dog at five hundred pounds is probably about right, as will be attested by any intelligent boy who in a campaign against an orchard has experienced detention by the Cerberus of the place. Taking his own figures, Mr. Smith calculates that we have in this country three-and-a-half billion pounds of "idle dog power." But this statement is more ingenious than ingenuous; it gives, as doubtless it was intended to give, the impression that we have only idle dogs, whereas of all mundane forces the domestic dog is most easily stirred to action. His expense of energy in pursuit of the harmless, necessary flea, for example, is prodigious; and he is not infrequently seen in chase of his own tail, with an activity scarcely inferior. If there is anything worth while in accepted theories of the conversion and conservation of force these gigantic energies are by no means wasted; they reappear as heat, light and electricity, modifying climate, reducing gas bills and assisting in propulsion of street cars. Even in baying the moon and terrifying visitors and bypassers, the dog releases a certain amount of vibratory force which through various mutations of its wave-length may do its part in cooking a steak or gratifying the olfactory nerve by throwing fresh perfume on the violet. Evidently the commercial advantages of deposing the dog from his position of Exalted Personage and subduing him to that of Motor would not be all clear gain. He would no longer have the spirit to send, Whitmanwise, his barbarous but beneficent yawp over the housetops, nor the leisure to throw off vast quantities of energy by centrifugal efforts at the conquest of his tail. As to the fleas, he would accept them with apathetic satisfaction as preventives of thought upon his fallen fortunes.

Having observed with attention and considered with seriousness, a respectable authority declares his conviction that the dog, as we have the happiness to know him, is dreadfully bored by civilization. This is one of the gravest accusations that the friends of progress and light have been called out to meet—a challenge that it is impossible to ignore and unprofitable to evade; for the dog as we have the happiness to know him is the only dog that we have the happiness really to know. The wolf is hardly a dog within the meaning of the law, nor is the scalp-yielding coyote, whether he howls or merely sings and plays the piano; moreover, these are beyond the pale of civilization and outside the scope of our sympathies.

With the dog it is different. His place is among us; he is with us and of us—a part of our life and love. If we are maintaining and promoting a condition of things that fatigues him it is befitting that we mend our ways lest, shaking the carpet dust from his feet and the tenderloin

steaks from his teeth, he depart from our midst and connect himself with the enchanted life of the thrilling barbarian. We can not afford to lose him. The cynophobes may call him a “survival” and sneer at his exhausted mandate—albeit, as Darwin points out, they are indebted for their sneer to his own habit of uncovering his teeth to bite; they may seek to cast opprobrium upon the nature of our affection for him by pronouncing it hereditary—a bequest from our primitive ancestors, for whom he performed important service in other ways than depriving visitors of their tendons; but quite the same we should miss him at his meal time and in the (but for him) silent watches of the night. We should miss his bark and his bite, the feel of his forefeet upon our shirt-fronts, the frou-frou of his dusty sides against our nether habiliments. More than all, we should miss and mourn that visible yearning for chops and steaks, which he has persuaded us to accept as the lovelight of his eye and a tribute to our personal worth. We must keep the dog, and to that end find means to abate his weariness of us and our ways.

Doubtless much might be done to reclaim our dogs from their uncheerful state of mind by abstention from debate on the protective tariff; by excluding them from the churches, at least during the sermons; by keeping them off the streets and out of hearing when rites of prostration are in performance before visiting notables; by forbidding anyone to read aloud in their hearing the more phrenetic articles in the newspapers, and by educating them to the belief that labor and capital are illusions. A limitation of the annual output of popular novels would undoubtedly reduce the dejection, which could be still further mitigated by abolition of the more successful magazines. If the dialect story or poem could be prohibited, under severe penalties, the sum of night-howling (erroneously attributed to lunar influence) would experience an audible decrement, which, also, would enable the fire department to augment its own uproar without reproach. There is, indeed, a considerable number of ways in which we might effect a double reform—promoting the advantage of Man, as well as medicating the mental fatigue of Dog. For another example, it would be “a boon and a blessing to men” if society would put to death, or at least banish, the millman or manufacturer who persists in apprising the entire community many times a day by means of a steam whistle that it is time for his oppressed employees (every one of whom has a gold watch) to go to work or to leave off. Such things not only make a dog tired, they make a man mad. They answer with an accented affirmative Truthful James’s plaintive inquiry,

Is civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?

Unquestionably, from his advantageous point of view as a looker-on at the game, the dog is justified in the conviction that they are.

ALL ABOUT A DOG

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Leaves in the Wind*, by A. G. Gardiner

It was a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife. The bus stopped, and two women and a man got in together and filled the vacant places. The younger woman was dressed in sealskin, and carried one of those little Pekinese dogs that women in sealskin like to carry in their laps. The conductor came in and took the fares. Then his eye rested with cold malice on the beady-eyed toy dog. I saw trouble brewing. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he intended to make the most of it. I had marked him as the type of what Mr. Wells has called the Resentful Employee, the man with a general vague grievance against everything and a particular grievance against passengers who came and sat in his bus while he shivered at the door.

"You must take that dog out," he said with sour venom.

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You can take my name and address," said the woman, who had evidently expected the challenge and knew the reply.

"You must take that dog out--that's my orders."

"I won't go on the top in such weather. It would kill me," said the woman.

"Certainly not," said her lady companion. "You've got a cough as it is."

"It's nonsense," said her male companion. The conductor pulled the bell and the bus stopped. "This bus doesn't go on until that dog is brought out." And he stepped on to the pavement and waited. It was his moment of triumph. He had the law on his side and a whole busful of angry people under the harrow. His embittered soul was having a real holiday.

The storm inside rose high. "Shameful"; "He's no better than a German"; "Why isn't he in the Army?"; "Call the police"; "Let's all report him"; "Let's make him give us our fares back"; "Yes, that's it, let's make him give us our fares back." For everybody was on the side of the lady and the dog.

That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy unconsciousness of the rumpus of which he was the cause.

The conductor came to the door. "What's your number?" said one, taking out a pocketbook with a gesture of terrible things. "There's my number," said the conductor imperturbably. "Give us our fares back--you've engaged to carry us--you can't leave us here all night." "No fares back," said the conductor.

Two or three passengers got out and disappeared into the night. The conductor took another turn on the pavement, then went and had a talk with the driver. Another bus, the last on the road, sailed by indifferent to the shouts of the passengers to stop. "They stick by each other--the villains," was the comment.

Someone pulled the bell violently. That brought the driver round to the door. "Who's conductor of this bus?" he said, and paused for a reply. None coming, he returned to his seat and resumed beating his arms across his chest. There was no hope in that quarter. A policeman strolled up and looked in at the door. An avalanche of indignant protests and appeals burst on him. "Well, he's got his rules, you know," he said genially. "Give your name and address." "That's what he's been offered, and he won't take it." "Oh," said the policeman, and he went away and took his stand a few yards down the street, where he was joined by two more constables.

And still the little dog blinked at the lights, and the conductor walked to and fro on the pavement like a captain on the quarter-deck in the hour of victory. A young woman, whose voice had risen high above the gale inside, descended on him with an air of threatening and slaughter. He was immovable--as cold as the night and hard as the pavement. She passed on in a fury of impotence to the three policemen, who stood like a group of statuary up the street watching the drama. Then she came back, imperiously beckoned to her "young man" who had sat a silent witness of her rage, and vanished. Others followed. The bus was emptying. Even the dashing young fellow who had demanded the number, and who had declared he would see this thing through if he sat there all night, had taken an opportunity to slip away.

Meanwhile the Pekinese party were passing through every stage of resistance to abject surrender. "I'll go on the top," said the sealskin lady at last. "You mustn't." "I will." "You'll have pneumonia." "Let me take it." (This from the man.) "Certainly not"--she would die with her dog. When she had disappeared up the stairs, the conductor came back, pulled the bell, and the bus went on. He stood sourly triumphant while his conduct was savagely discussed in his face by the remnant of the party.

Then the engine struck work, and the conductor went to the help of the driver. It was a long job, and presently the lady with the dog stole down the stairs and re-entered the bus. When the engine was put right the conductor came back and pulled the bell. Then his eye fell on the dog, and his hand went to the bell-rope again. The driver looked round, the conductor pointed to the dog, the bus stopped, and the struggle recommenced with all the original features, the conductor walking the pavement, the driver smacking his arm on the box, the little dog blinking at the lights, the sealskin lady declaring that she would not go on the top--and finally going....

"I've got my rules," said the conductor to me when I was the last passenger left behind. He had won his victory, but felt that he would like to justify himself to somebody.

"Rules," I said, "are necessary things, but there are rules and rules. Some are hard and fast rules, like the rule of the road, which cannot be broken without danger to life and limb. But some are only rules for your guidance, which you can apply or wink at, as common sense dictates--like that rule about the dogs. They are not a whip put in your hand to scourge your passengers with, but an authority for an emergency. They are meant to be observed in the spirit, not in the letter--for the comfort and not the discomfort of the passengers. You have kept the rule and broken its spirit. You want to mix your rules with a little goodwill and good temper."

He took it very well, and when I got off the bus he said "Good night" quite amiably.



A FOX STORY

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Animal Stories from Eskimo Land*, by Renée Coudert Riggs

Long ago, in the mountains of the Seward Peninsula, there lived a fox who had a family of babies in his den. It was summer time, and he was busy trying to find food for his little family. Every morning he used to go hunting, while Mother Fox stayed home to take care of the baby foxes, and see that they got into no mischief. When the young foxes grew big enough to hunt for themselves, Father Fox decided to go on a journey of adventure.

One day he climbed a high mountain. There was a deep ravine and then another mountain, and he thought he would like to cross the divide to see if there was any game on the opposite mountain. He had never been over there, and he hoped he might find some good, fat ptarmigans or rabbits on a new hunting-ground. Looking about, he saw a bear who was eating a newly killed caribou.

The fox called to the bear in a coaxing voice, saying, "Dear Cousin, give me a piece of that meat and some of the fat."

"No!" growled the bear. "You get away from here right away! If you don't I will kill you, too!" That bear was not at all polite, nor was he very generous, but the fox did not dare to say anything because he was really afraid of the bear, so he just went slinking away through the brush with his bushy tail dragging on the ground.

"I will get even with the bear somehow," he muttered.

After a while what should he meet but another bear.

"Good-morning, Cousin," said the fox most politely; "I was looking for you."

"What were you looking for me for?" asked the bear.

"Well, if you are hungry, I know where you can get a fine dinner," said the sly fox.

"Where is that?" asked the bear, beginning to look interested.

"A little while ago I saw another animal like you, only not so big, and he was eating a fine, fat caribou. I will show you where he is if you want; then, together, we can kill that other bear, and both have plenty to eat."

The bear looked surprised. "O no," said he. "We never do such things as that. Bears do not kill each other. We are friends."

"That is nothing," said the fox. "When we are hungry, we foxes kill each other, and eat each other, too. The bear I saw is a bad bear. He said he would bite you, if he met you."

Now the fox knew he was telling an untruth, but he wanted to make this bear angry with the other one. He was not a good character, that fox. Of course, the bear was angry at that.

"We will go fight now, and I will see what that bear means by saying such things." He was really furious, and went off through the woods with great strides, so that the fox had to run to keep up with him.

As soon as he saw the bear with the caribou, he jumped at him and a desperate battle began. While they were busy fighting, the fox took all the fat from the caribou and hid it under his skin.

When the second bear had beaten the bear with the caribou, and had driven him away, he saw the fox lying on the ground moaning and groaning as though in great pain.

"What is the matter, Cousin?" asked the bear.

"O!" groaned the fox, "I am almost dead!" And he rolled over and made believe to cry. "I got terribly hurt helping you in that terrible fight. It was I who gave your enemy the blow that drove him away."

Now of course this was not true at all, but the bear was very sorry and thought him a brave and loyal friend.

“You are a brave fox,” he said, “and we will always be friends.”

Then they ate all they wanted of the caribou, and left the place together.

When the fox got hungry he would just take some of the fat of the caribou from under his skin and feed on that. When the bear got hungry he could find nothing to eat but a few blueberries. The poor animal who was starving began to wonder why the fox was never hungry, so he asked him, “Cousin have you been eating something?” and the fox said, “When I am hungry, I just make a little hole in my skin and eat some of my own fat, then I am satisfied.” Wasn’t he an awful story-teller?

The bear thought he would like to try that, too, so he took a bite out of himself, and pretty soon he died. The wicked fox laughed at that, for it was the very thing he had planned. He was pleased to have the bear to eat, and removing the fat from his one-time friend, he stuffed it under his own skin, and for a long while lived not on the “fat of the land” as they say, but on the fat of the companion who trusted and admired him.

Winter was coming; the days were growing dark and cold, and Mr. Sly Fox was beginning to get hungry again. He wondered what he should do for food, and began to hunt about the woods.

One day he met a wolf who was also in search of food.

The wolf asked him, “Fox, Fox, where have you been, you look so fine and fat, while all the other animals are hungry these cold days?”

“Of course I look fine,” said the fox. “I hunt all the time and get plenty of food.”

“What do you hunt?”

The fox had to think hard for an answer; then he said, “Well, I fish every day.”

It was winter then, and so far north the days were very short. The sun got up late in the morning, and went to bed again in about three hours; even then he didn’t get far up in the sky, but hung low like a great big red balloon on the horizon.

The wolf asked the fox where he was getting all that fish.

The fox answered, “O, I have a big lake where I get all the fish I want.

I will show it to you if you would like me to.” And he asked the wolf if he had any hooks to fish with.

“No,” said the wolf. “I have no fish-hooks because I never fish. I don’t know how.”

“I will make you a hook and show you how to fish. It is easy,” said the fox.

Then he took some of the dried grass which is used by the Eskimo women for making baskets; weaving a rope out of it, he put a piece of stone on the end, and he and the wolf went fishing like the best of friends. When they reached the lake the fox made a hole in the ice and told the wolf to sit near the hole and to drop the stone into the water through the hole, then to keep moving it up and down by the string.

“Now,” said the fox, “you must remain the whole day moving that string up and down. When the sun sets you will get fish.”

The fox stayed, playing about watching the wolf, who sat patiently by the hole splashing the stone up and down in the water. Pretty soon the fox saw the wolf’s big, bushy tail was getting covered with water. Now it was getting colder every minute, and almost dark, and at last the fox saw that the wolf’s tail was freezing fast to the ice of the lake. Then he began to laugh out loud: “Ha ha ha!”

The wolf looked around suspiciously to see if the fox was laughing at him, as he was beginning to get cross. He was tired, anyway, of sitting there joggling that line up and down all day.

“What are you laughing at, Fox?” he said. “Are you trying to trick me like you do every one?”

Mr. Sly Fox put on a very surprised and sorry face. “O no,” said he. “I wouldn’t think of doing such a thing. I was just laughing with joy at the thought of all the fine whitefish we will soon have for supper.” Then he began to play around the wolf, and soon he laughed. “Ha! ha! ha! O my! I will have plenty to eat now!”

The wolf turned with an angry snarl, showing his long fangs. “What! Are you talking about me? Do you think you will eat me? We will see!” And he made a leap for the fox, but his tail was stuck fast to the ice so that he could not get away. Throwing himself from side to side, and yelping like a dog, he struggled to get free, but still the ice held him prisoner, until at last, with an angry howl, he snapped off his tail with his own sharp teeth, and ran furiously after the treacherous fox, who was already nearly out of sight. The wolf chased him as hard as he could, and had nearly caught up with him, when the fox saw a hole in a

steep bank and popped inside. The wolf was too big to go into the hole, so he sat outside, waiting for the fox to come out; but Mr. Fox was not to be caught that way. Knowing that the wolf would die from having chopped off his tail with his teeth, the fox just stayed safely where he was until morning; then came out and ate up his former friend. When he had finished devouring the wolf and felt well fed and comfortable, he started out in search of some other animal to fool.

In his wanderings he came upon a high mountain, which had a long smooth place down its steep side, made by a snowslide which had swept everything before it, leaving a glistening path in its wake.

The fox began to play sliding-down-the-mountain, and was enjoying it hugely. In one place he had to pass close to some big, sharp rocks, and he dug into the snow a little with his claws to get safely by. After that he climbed up to the top again, and there he saw a mountain sheep coming toward him.

“Hello, Sheep. Don’t you want to play with me?” asked the fox; but the sheep said that he did not want to slide there.

“Why not?” inquired the fox in a surprised sort of voice.

“Because I know that if I slide down there, I shall be killed by those sharp rocks,” said the sheep.

But the fox answered, “Why, I thought a mountain sheep would not be afraid of a nice little slide like that. I will tell you how to do it. When you slide down, shut your eyes tight, as soon as you come near the rocks, and you will get past all right.”

The sheep said, “Let me see you do it first.”

So the fox lay down on the snow and slid. As he came near the rocks he dug his claws a little into the snow to steer himself safely past. When the sheep saw the fox come back without a scratch on his fine red coat, he said, “Well, I will try it, for surely a mountain sheep is as brave as a red fox!”

Shutting his eyes tight, he said, “One, two, three!” And away he went, down like the wind straight into the sharp rocks, and was killed.

That wicked fox was glad. He laughed again, for now he had a whole mountain sheep to eat, and that is the sweetest and tenderest meat in the world, and would last him a long time.

Before he had finished eating the sheep, a bear came along.

“Fox, how did you kill that sheep?”

“I didn’t kill that sheep. I found it dead,” said the fox, for he did not want the bear to know how treacherous he was.

“Well, we will share what is left,” said the bear; and of course the fox did not dare to refuse him. He was a pretty big bear, and looked rather fierce and very hungry.

No bear has any business to be wandering about the forest in winter. He should have been snugly sleeping in his den until summer time like any self-respecting bear does, except a polar bear, who stays out all night.

They filled themselves up on sheep meat, and then walked away through the woods together like old friends.

“Fox,” said the bear, “are you ever afraid of animals?”

“There is not an animal in the world I am afraid of,” said the fox, “except that two-legged creature called Man. Of him I am in constant terror.”

The bear laughed at him. “You are silly to be afraid of that. I am not afraid of a man; only of ptarmigan.”

Then it was the fox’s turn to laugh. “Why, I kill ptarmigan and eat them!”

The bear did not like to be laughed at much by a fox, so he walked quietly along for a while, thinking; then he said, “Well, Fox, I will make a bargain with you. If you will kill two ptarmigan for me, I will kill two men, and give you one.”

The fox looked pleased. “That is easy,” said he. “You wait here.” And off he went trotting out of sight.

I am sure he played some trick again, for ptarmigan are not easy to see in winter against the snow, when they wear their white dresses.

Mr. Fox very shortly came back with a ptarmigan in his mouth. He gave it to the bear, who after eating it said, “Now, Fox, I will go and find a man for you.”

For two whole days the fox waited for the bear, and the bear did not come back. Then the fox felt sure that the bear had been killed, and he wanted to see how the man had killed him.

Closely following the bear’s tracks, he found the tracks of two men

also. The fox was really scared at the sight of the men's tracks. He was terribly afraid of men, and he began to be sorry that he had been so wicked and had killed so many of his friends.

Sneaking through the woods with his tail dragging, he passed near a trap, which he could smell for a long distance, it was so dirty. There was no danger of his being caught in that trap. He said to himself, "That man is lazy; he will never catch any animals in his dirty traps. A lazy man will never catch anything."

After a while he passed another trap, but this one had been set out hastily, so the fox got the bait without getting caught.

"That man is lazy, too," said the fox, "for he gets up too late in the morning to put out his trap. These men are stupid creatures anyway. I don't believe I am afraid of them after all."

Just as he said this, snap, Mr. Smart Fox was caught at last.

"Ah!" sighed the fox. "There is one man who is not lazy. His trap is clean; I could neither smell it, nor see it. I am caught now."

So this is what happened to the bad fox who had killed so many animals.

It never pays to be treacherous. One should always be loyal to one's friends.

TINKER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Pussy and Doggy Tales*, by Edith Nesbit

MY name is Stumps, and my mistress is rather a nice little girl; but she has her faults, like most people. I myself, as it happens, am wonderfully free from faults. Among my mistress's faults is what I may call a lack of dignity, joined to a desire to make other people undignified too.

You will hardly believe that, before I had belonged to her a month, she had made me learn to dance and to jump. I am a very respectable dachshund, of cobby build, and jumping is the very last exercise I should have taken to of my own accord. But when Miss Daisy said, "Now jump, Stumps; there's a darling!" and held out her little arms, I could not well refuse. For, after all, the child is my mistress.

I never could understand why the cat was not taught to dance. It seemed

to me very hard that, when I was having those long, miserable lessons, the cat should be allowed to sit down doing nothing but smile at my misfortunes. Trap always said we ought to feel honoured by being taught, and the reason why Pussy wasn't asked to learn was because she was so dreadfully stupid, and had no brains for anything but the pleasures of the chase and the cares of a family; but I didn't think that could be the reason, because the doll was _taught_ to dance, though she never _learned_, and I am sure _she_ was stupid enough.

Another thing which Miss Daisy taught me to do was to beg; and the action fills me with shame and pain every time I perform it, and as the years go on I hate it more and more.

For a stout, middle-aged dog, the action is absurd and degrading. Yet, such is the force of habit, that I go through the performance now quite naturally whenever I want anything. Trap does it too, and says what does it matter? but then he has no judgment, and, besides, he's thin.

But one of the most thoughtless things my little mistress ever did was one day last summer when she was out without me. I chose to stay at home because it was very hot, and I knew that the roads would be dusty; and she was only going down to the village shop, where no one ever thinks of offering a dog anything to drink. If she had been going to the farm, I should have gone with her, because the lady there shows proper attention to visitors, and always sets down a nice dish of milk for us dogs. Besides, I was a little unwell just then; the family had had duck for dinner, and I always feel a little faint after duck. All our family do. So I stayed at home. Well, Miss Daisy had gone out with only Trap and her hoop. I wish I had been there, for Trap is far too easy-going, and a hoop never gives any advice worth listening to. Trap told me all about it as well as he could. Trap can't tell a story very well, poor fellow!

It seems that, as Miss Daisy went across the village green, she saw a crowd of children running after a dog with--I hardly like to mention such a thing--a tin saucepan tied to his tail! The dog bolted into the empty dog-kennel by the blacksmith's shop, and stayed there, growling.

"Go away, bad children," said Miss Daisy; "how dare you treat a poor dear doggie so?"

The children wouldn't go away at first. "Very well," said Miss Daisy; "I shall tell Trap what I think of you all."

Then she whispered to Trap, and he began to growl so fiercely that the children dared not come nearer. Any one can growl. Presently the children got tired of listening to him, and went away. Then Miss Daisy coaxed the unpleasant, tin-tailed creature out of the kennel, and untied

the string, and took off the pan. Then, if you'll believe a dog of my character (and of course you must), she carried that low dog home in her arms, and washed him, and set him down to eat out of the same plate as Trap and myself! Trap was friends with him directly--some people have no spirit--but I hope I know my duty to myself too well for that. I snarled at the base intruder till he was quite ashamed of himself. I knew from the first that he'd be taught jumping and begging, and things like that. I hate those things myself, but that's no reason why every low dog should be taught them. Miss Daisy called him Tinker, because he once carried a tin pan about with him, and she tried very hard to make me friendly to him; but I can choose my own friends, I hope.

Every one made a great fuss about one thing he did, but actually it was nothing but biting; and if biting isn't natural to a dog, I should like to know what is; and why people should be praised and petted, and have new collars, and everybody else's share of the bones, only for doing what is quite natural to them, I have never been able to comprehend. Besides, barking is as good as biting, any day, and I'm sure I barked enough, though it wasn't my business.

Miss Daisy had gone away to stay with her cousins in London, and she had taken Trap with her. Why she should have taken him instead of me is a matter on which I can offer no opinion. If my opinion had been asked, I should have said that I thought it more suitable for her to have a heavy middle-aged dog of good manners than a harum-scarum young stripling like Trap. Trap told me afterwards that he thought the reason he was taken was because Miss Daisy would have had more to pay for the dog-ticket of such a heavy dog as I am; but I can't believe that dogs are charged for by the weight, like butter. As I was saying, Miss Daisy took Trap with her, and also her father and mother; and Tinker and I were left to take care of the servants. We had a very agreeable time, though I confess that I missed Miss Daisy more than I would have believed possible. But there was more to eat in the kitchen than usual, and the servants often left things on the table when they went out to take in the milk or to chat with the gardeners; and if people leave things on tables, they have only themselves to thank for whatever happens.

There was a young man who wore a fur cap, and who used to call with fish; and I was more surprised than I care to own when I met him walking out with cook one Sunday afternoon, for I thought she had a soul above fish; yet when the servants began to ask this young man to tea in the kitchen, I thought, of course, it must be all right, but Tinker would do nothing but growl the whole time the young man was there; so that at last cook had to lock us up in the butler's pantry till the young man was gone. _I_ had not growled, but I was locked in too. The world is full of injustice and ingratitude.

Now one night, when the servants went to bed, Tinker and I lay down in

our baskets under the hall table as usual; but Tinker was dreadfully restless, which must have been only an accident, because he said himself he didn't know what was the matter with him; and he would not go to sleep, but kept walking up and down as if he were going to hide a bone and couldn't find a good place for it.

"Do lie down, for goodness' sake, Tinker," I said, "and go to sleep. Any one can see you have not been brought up in a house where regular hours are kept."

"I can't go to sleep; I don't know what's the matter with me," he said gloomily.

Well, I tried to go to sleep myself, and I think I must almost have dropped off, when I heard a scrape-scraping from the butler's pantry. I wasn't going to bark. It wasn't my business. I have often heard Miss Daisy's relations say that I was no house-dog. Still, I think Tinker ought to have barked then, but he didn't: only just pricked his ears and his tail; and he waited, and the scraping went on.

Then Tinker said to me--"Don't you make a noise, for your life; I am going to see what it is;" and he trotted softly into the butler's pantry. It was rather dark, but you know we dogs can see as well as cats in the dark, although they do make such a fuss about it, and declare that they are the only creatures who can.

There was a man outside the window, and I tapped Tinker with my tail to show him that he ought to bark, but he never moved. The man had been scraping and scraping till he had got out one of the window-panes. It was a very little window-pane, only just big enough for his hand to go through; and the man took out the window-pane and put his hand through, making a long arm to get at the fastening of the window; and just as he was going to undo the hasp, Tinker made a spring on to the window-ledge, and he caught the man's hand in his mouth, and the man gave a push, and Tinker fell off the window-ledge, but he took the man's hand with him; and there was the man's arm dragged through the window-pane, and Tinker hanging on to his fingers.

The man broke some more panes and tried to get his other hand through, and if he had he would have done for Tinker, but he could not manage it; and now I thought "This is the time to bark," and I barked. I barked my best, I barked nobly, though I am not a house-dog, and I don't think it's my business.

In less than a minute down came the gardener and the under-gardener: and Tinker was still holding on, and they took the man, and he was marched off to prison, and it turned out to be the man in the fur cap. But though they made fuss enough about Tinker's share in the business, you

may be sure it didn't make me think much more of him.

I should never have had anything to say to him but for one thing. Early one morning we three dogs--it's all over long ago, and I hope I can be generous and let bygones be bygones; he is one of us now--went out for a run in the paddock by the wood, and while Trap and I were trotting up and down chatting about the weather, that Tinker dog bolted into the wood, and in less than a minute came out with a rabbit.

I saw at once that he could never get it eaten before Miss Daisy came out, and I knew that, if he were found with it, his sufferings would be awful. So I helped him to eat it. I know my duty to a fellow-creature, I trust. It was a very young rabbit, and tender. Not too much fur. Fur gets in your throat, and spoils your teeth, besides. We had just finished it when my mistress came out. Trap would not eat a bit, even to help Tinker out of his scrape, but I have a kind heart.

Well, after that I thought I might as well consent to be friends with Tinker, in spite of his low breeding. You see, I had helped him out of a dreadful scrape, and one always feels kindly to people one has helped. He has caught several more rabbits since then, and I have always stood by him on those occasions, and I always mean to. I am not one to turn my back on a friend, I believe.

So now he has a collar like ours, and I hardly feel degraded at all when I sit opposite to him at the doll's tea-parties.

QUEEN HORTENSE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Maupassant Original Short Stories Vol V*, by Guy de Maupassant

In Argenteuil she was called Queen Hortense. No one knew why. Perhaps it was because she had a commanding tone of voice; perhaps because she was tall, bony, imperious; perhaps because she governed a kingdom of servants, chickens, dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, all so dear to an old maid's heart. But she did not spoil these familiar friends; she had for them none of those endearing names, none of the foolish tenderness which women seem to lavish on the soft fur of a purring cat. She governed these beasts with authority; she reigned.

She was indeed an old maid--one of those old maids with a harsh voice and angular motions, whose very soul seems to be hard. She never

would stand contradiction, argument, hesitation, indifference, laziness nor fatigue. She had never been heard to complain, to regret anything, to envy anyone. She would say: "Everyone has his share," with the conviction of a fatalist. She did not go to church, she had no use for priests, she hardly believed in God, calling all religious things "weeper's wares."

For thirty years she had lived in her little house, with its tiny garden running along the street; she had never changed her habits, only changing her servants pitilessly, as soon as they reached twenty-one years of age.

When her dogs, cats and birds would die of old age, or from an accident, she would replace them without tears and without regret; with a little spade she would bury the dead animal in a strip of ground, throwing a few shovelfuls of earth over it and stamping it down with her feet in an indifferent manner.

She had a few friends in town, families of clerks who went to Paris every day. Once in a while she would be invited out, in the evening, to tea. She would inevitably fall asleep, and she would have to be awakened, when it was time for her to go home. She never allowed anyone to accompany her, fearing neither light nor darkness. She did not appear to like children.

She kept herself busy doing countless masculine tasks--carpentering, gardening, sawing or chopping wood, even laying bricks when it was necessary.

She had relatives who came to see her twice a year, the Cimmes and the Colombels, her two sisters having married, one of them a florist and the other a retired merchant. The Cimmes had no children; the Colombels had three: Henri, Pauline and Joseph. Henri was twenty, Pauline seventeen and Joseph only three.

There was no love lost between the old maid and her relatives.

In the spring of the year 1882 Queen Hortense suddenly fell sick. The neighbors called in a physician, whom she immediately drove out. A priest then having presented himself, she jumped out of bed, in order to throw him out of the house.

The young servant, in despair, was brewing her some tea.

After lying in bed for three days the situation appeared so serious that the barrel-maker, who lived next door, to the right, acting on advice from the doctor, who had forcibly returned to the house, took it upon himself to call together the two families.

They arrived by the same train, towards ten in the morning, the Colombels

bringing little Joseph with them.

When they got to the garden gate, they saw the servant seated in the chair against the wall, crying.

The dog was sleeping on the door mat in the broiling sun; two cats, which looked as though they might be dead, were stretched out in front of the two windows, their eyes closed, their paws and tails stretched out at full length.

A big clucking hen was parading through the garden with a whole regiment of yellow, downy chicks, and a big cage hanging from the wall and covered with pimperl, contained a population of birds which were chirping away in the warmth of this beautiful spring morning.

In another cage, shaped like a chalet, two lovebirds sat motionless side by side on their perch.

M. Cimme, a fat, puffing person, who always entered first everywhere, pushing aside everyone else, whether man or woman, when it was necessary, asked:

“Well, Celeste, aren't things going well?”

The little servant moaned through her tears:

“She doesn't even recognize me any more. The doctor says it's the end.”

Everybody looked around.

Mme. Cimme and Mme. Colombel immediately embraced each other, without saying a word. They looked very much alike, having always worn their hair in Madonna bands, and loud red French cashmere shawls.

Cimme turned to his brother-in-law, a pale, sal, low-complexioned, thin man, wasted by stomach complaints, who limped badly, and said in a serious tone of voice:

“Gad! It was high time.”

But no one dared to enter the dying woman's room on the ground floor. Even Cimme made way for the others. Colombel was the first to make up his mind, and, swaying from side to side like the mast of a ship, the iron ferule of his cane clattering on the paved hall, he entered.

The two women were the next to venture, and M. Cimmes closed the procession.

Little Joseph had remained outside, pleased at the sight of the dog.

A ray of sunlight seemed to cut the bed in two, shining just on the hands, which were moving nervously, continually opening and closing. The fingers were twitching as though moved by some thought, as though trying to point out a meaning or idea, as though obeying the dictates of a will. The rest of the body lay motionless under the sheets. The angular frame showed not a single movement. The eyes remained closed.

The family spread out in a semi-circle and, without a word, they began to watch the contracted chest and the short, gasping breathing. The little servant had followed them and was still crying.

At last Cimme asked:

“Exactly what did the doctor say?”

The girl stammered:

“He said to leave her alone, that nothing more could be done for her.”

But suddenly the old woman's lips began to move. She seemed to be uttering silent words, words hidden in the brain of this dying being, and her hands quickened their peculiar movements.

Then she began to speak in a thin, high voice, which no one had ever heard, a voice which seemed to come from the distance, perhaps from the depths of this heart which had always been closed.

Cimme, finding this scene painful, walked away on tiptoe. Colombel, whose crippled leg was growing tired, sat down.

The two women remained standing.

Queen Hortense was now babbling away, and no one could understand a word. She was pronouncing names, many names, tenderly calling imaginary people.

“Come here, Philippe, kiss your mother. Tell me, child, do you love your mamma? You, Rose, take care of your little sister while I am away. And don't leave her alone. Don't play with matches!”

She stopped for a while, then, in a louder voice, as though she were calling someone: “Henriette!” then waited a moment and continued:

“Tell your father that I wish to speak to him before he goes to business.” And suddenly: “I am not feeling very well to-day, darling; promise not to come home late. Tell your employer that I am sick. You know, it isn't safe to leave the children alone when I am in bed. For

dinner I will fix you up a nice dish of rice. The little ones like that very much. Won't Claire be happy?"

And she broke into a happy, joyous laugh, such as they had never heard: "Look at Jean, how funny he looks! He has smeared jam all over his face, the little pig! Look, sweetheart, look; isn't he funny?"

Colombel, who was continually lifting his tired leg from place to place, muttered:

"She is dreaming that she has children and a husband; it is the beginning of the death agony."

The two sisters had not yet moved, surprised, astounded.

The little maid exclaimed:

"You must take off your shawls and your hits! Would you like to go into the parlor?"

They went out without having said a word. And Colombel followed them, limping, once more leaving the dying woman alone.

When they were relieved of their travelling garments, the women finally sat down. Then one of the cats left its window, stretched, jumped into the room and on to Mme. Cimme's knees. She began to pet it.

In the next room could be heard the voice of the dying woman, living, in this last hour, the life for which she had doubtless hoped, living her dreams themselves just when all was over for her.

Cimme, in the garden, was playing with little Joseph and the dog, enjoying himself in the whole hearted manner of a countryman, having completely forgotten the dying woman.

But suddenly he entered the house and said to the girl:

"I say, my girl, are we not going to have luncheon? What do you ladies wish to eat?"

They finally agreed on an omelet, a piece of steak with new potatoes, cheese and coffee.

As Mme. Colombel was fumbling in her pocket for her purse, Cimme stopped her, and, turning to the maid: "Have you got any money?"

She answered:

“Yes, monsieur.”

“How much?”

“Fifteen francs.”

“That’s enough. Hustle, my girl, because I am beginning to get very hungry:”

Mme. Cimme, looking out over the climbing vines bathed in sunlight, and at the two turtle-doves on the roof opposite, said in an annoyed tone of voice:

“What a pity to have had to come for such a sad occasion. It is so nice in the country to-day.”

Her sister sighed without answering, and Colombel mumbled, thinking perhaps of the walk ahead of him:

“My leg certainly is bothering me to-day:”

Little Joseph and the dog were making a terrible noise; one was shrieking with pleasure, the other was barking wildly. They were playing hide-and-seek around the three flower beds, running after each other like mad.

The dying woman continued to call her children, talking with each one, imagining that she was dressing them, fondling them, teaching them how to read: “Come on! Simon repeat: A, B, C, D. You are not paying attention, listen--D, D, D; do you hear me? Now repeat--”

Cimme exclaimed: “Funny what people say when in that condition.”

Mme. Colombel then asked:

“Wouldn't it be better if we were to return to her?”

But Cimme dissuaded her from the idea:

“What's the use? You can't change anything. We are just as comfortable here.”

Nobody insisted. Mme. Cimme observed the two green birds called love-birds. In a few words she praised this singular faithfulness and blamed the men for not imitating these animals. Cimme began to laugh, looked at his wife and hummed in a teasing way: “Tra-la-la, tra-la-la” as though to cast a good deal of doubt on his own, Cimme's, faithfulness:

Colombel was suffering from cramps and was rapping the floor with his cane.

The other cat, its tail pointing upright to the sky, now came in.

They sat down to luncheon at one o'clock.

As soon as he had tasted the wine, Colombel, for whom only the best of Bordeaux had been prescribed, called the servant back:

"I say, my girl, is this the best stuff that you have in the cellar?"

"No, monsieur; there is some better wine, which was only brought out when you came."

"Well, bring us three bottles of it."

They tasted the wine and found it excellent, not because it was of a remarkable vintage, but because it had been in the cellar fifteen years. Cimme declared:

"That is regular invalid's wine."

Colombel, filled with an ardent desire to gain possession of this Bordeaux, once more questioned the girl:

"How much of it is left?"

"Oh! Almost all, monsieur; mamz'elle never touched it. It's in the bottom stack."

Then he turned to his brother-in-law:

"If you wish, Cimme, I would be willing to exchange something else for this wine; it suits my stomach marvellously."

The chicken had now appeared with its regiment of young ones. The two women were enjoying themselves throwing crumbs to them.

Joseph and the dog, who had eaten enough, were sent back to the garden.

Queen Hortense was still talking, but in a low, hushed voice, so that the words could no longer be distinguished.

When they had finished their coffee all went in to observe the condition of the sick woman. She seemed calm.

They went outside again and seated themselves in a circle in the garden,

in order to complete their digestion.

Suddenly the dog, who was carrying something in his mouth, began to run around the chairs at full speed. The child was chasing him wildly. Both disappeared into the house.

Cimme fell asleep, his well-rounded paunch bathed in the glow of the shining sun.

The dying woman once more began to talk in a loud voice. Then suddenly she shrieked.

The two women and Colombel rushed in to see what was the matter. Cimme, waking up, did not budge, because, he did not wish to witness such a scene.

She was sitting up, with haggard eyes. Her dog, in order to escape being pursued by little Joseph, had jumped up on the bed, run over the sick woman, and entrenched behind the pillow, was looking down at his playmate with snapping eyes, ready to jump down and begin the game again. He was holding in his mouth one of his mistress' slippers, which he had torn to pieces and with which he had been playing for the last hour.

The child, frightened by this woman who had suddenly risen in front of him, stood motionless before the bed.

The hen had also come in, and frightened by the noise, had jumped up on a chair and was wildly calling her chicks, who were chirping distractedly around the four legs of the chair.

Queen Hortense was shrieking:

“No, no, I don't want to die, I don't want to! I don't want to! Who will bring up my children? Who will take care of them? Who will love them? No, I don't want to!--I don't----”

She fell back. All was over.

The dog, wild with excitement, jumped about the room, barking.

Colombel ran to the window, calling his brother-in-law:

“Hurry up, hurry up! I think that she has just gone.”

Then Cimme, resigned, arose and entered the room, mumbling

“It didn't take as long as I thought it would!”

CHAPTER I. *INTO THE PRIMITIVE*

The Project Gutenberg etext of *The Call of the Wild*, by Jack London

*“Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain.”*

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs, There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless,--strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet

before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king,--king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large,--he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds,--for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness--faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'm," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an

unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks that he can cure 'm."

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled; "an' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnapper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby--"

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloon-keeper.

“Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight,” he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them.

They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

“You ain't going to take him out now?” the driver asked.

“Sure,” the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

“Now, you red-eyed devil,” he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to

rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

“He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's wot I say,” one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

“Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays,” was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

“Answers to the name of Buck,” the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon-keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. “Well, Buck, my boy,” he went on in a genial voice, “we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all 'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale the stuffin' outa you. Understand?”

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he

looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

“Sacredam!” he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. “Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?”

“Three hundred, and a present at that,” was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. “And seem’ it’s government money, you ain’t got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?”

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its despatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand--“One in ten t’ousand,” he commented mentally.

Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he were led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the Narwhal, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called Francois. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but Francois was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and while he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and Francois were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be fooled by dogs.

In the 'tween-decks of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had

been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick, as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him, the lash of Francois's whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first; and nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone. That was fair of Francois, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

The other dog made no advances, nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. "Dave" he was called, and he ate and slept, or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the Narwhal crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half wild with fear, he raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller, and though one day was very like another, it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning, the propeller was quiet, and the Narwhal was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. Francois leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface, Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

THE DOG IN GANEGWAG, from *The Land Beyond the Blow* Project Gutenberg's *The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce*, Vol. 1

A about the end of the thirty-seventh month of our voyage due south from Ug we sighted land, and although the coast appeared wild and inhospitable, the captain decided to send a boat ashore in search of fresh water and provisions, of which we were in sore need. I was of the boat's crew and thought myself fortunate in being able to set foot again upon the earth.

There were seven others in the landing party, including the mate, who commanded.

Selecting a sheltered cove, which appeared to be at the mouth of a small creek, we beached the boat, and leaving two men to guard it started inland toward a grove of trees. Before we reached it an animal came out of it and advanced confidently toward us, showing no signs of either fear or hostility. It was a hideous creature, not altogether like anything that we had ever seen, but on its close approach we recognized it as a dog, of an unimaginably loathsome breed. As we were nearly famished one of the sailors shot it for food. Instantly a great crowd of persons, who had doubtless been watching us from among the trees, rushed upon us with fierce exclamations and surrounded us, making the most threatening gestures and brandishing unfamiliar weapons. Unable to resist such odds we were seized, bound with cords and dragged into the forest almost before we knew what had happened to us. Observing the nature of our reception the ship's crew hastily weighed anchor and sailed away. We never again saw them.

Beyond the trees concealing it from the sea was a great city, and thither we were taken. It was Gumammam, the capital of Ganegwag, whose people are dog-worshippers. The fate of my companions I never learned, for although I remained in the country for seven years, much of the time as a prisoner, and learned to speak its language, no answer was ever given to my many inquiries about my unfortunate friends.

The Ganegwagians are an ancient race with a history covering a period of ten thousand _supintroes_. In stature they are large, in color blue, with crimson hair and yellow eyes. They live to a great age, sometimes as much as twenty _supintroes_, their climate being so wholesome that even the aged have to sail to a distant island in order to die. Whenever a sufficient number of them reach what they call "the age of going away" they embark on a government ship and in the midst of impressive public rites and ceremonies set sail for "the Isle of the Happy Change." Of their strange civilization, their laws, manners and customs, their copper clothing and liquid houses I have written--at perhaps too great length--in my famous book, "Ganegwag the Incredible." Here I shall confine myself to their religion, certainly the most amazing form of superstition in the world.

Nowhere, it is believed, but in Ganegwag has so vile a creature as the dog obtained general recognition as a deity. There this filthy beast is considered so divine that it is freely admitted to the domestic circle and cherished as an honored guest. Scarcely a family that is able to support a dog is without one, and some have as many as a half-dozen. Indeed, the dog is the special deity of the poor, those families having most that are least able to maintain them. In some sections of the country, particularly the southern and southwestern provinces, the number of dogs is estimated

to be greater than that of the children, as is the cost of their maintenance. In families of the rich they are fewer in number, but more sacredly cherished, especially by the female members, who lavish upon them a wealth of affection not always granted to the husband and children, and distinguish them with indescribable attentions and endearments.

Nowhere is the dog compelled to make any other return for all this honor and benefaction than a fawning and sycophantic demeanor toward those who bestow them and an insulting and injurious attitude toward strangers who have dogs of their own, and toward other dogs. In any considerable town of the realm not a day passes but the public newsman relates in the most matter-of-fact and unsympathetic way to his circle of listless auditors painful instances of human beings, mostly women and children, bitten and mangled by these ferocious animals without provocation.

In addition to these ravages of the dog in his normal state are a vastly greater number of outrages committed by the sacred animal in the fury of insanity, for he has an hereditary tendency to madness, and in that state his bite is incurable, the victim awaiting in the most horrible agony the sailing of the next ship to the Isle of the Happy Change, his suffering imperfectly medicined by expressions of public sympathy for the dog.

A cynical citizen of Gumammam said to the writer of this narrative: "My countrymen have three hundred kinds of dogs, and only one way to hang a thief." Yet all the dogs are alike in this, that none is respectable.

Withal, it must be said of this extraordinary people that their horrible religion is free from the hollow forms and meaningless ceremonies in which so many superstitions of the lower races find expression. It is a religion of love, practical, undemonstrative, knowing nothing of pageantry and spectacle. It is hidden in the lives and hearts of the people; a stranger would hardly know of its existence as a distinct faith. Indeed, other faiths and better ones (one of them having some resemblance to a debased form of Christianity) co-exist with it, sometimes in the same mind. Cynolatry is tolerant so long as the dog is not denied an equal divinity with the deities of other faiths. Nevertheless, I could not think of the people of Ganegwag without contempt and loathing; so it was with no small joy that I sailed for the contiguous island of Ghargaroo to consult, according to my custom, the renowned statesman and philosopher, Juptka-Getch, who was accounted the wisest man in all the world, and held in so high esteem that no one dared speak to him without the sovereign's permission, countersigned by the Minister of Morals and Manners.

THE LADY WITH THE DOG

Project Gutenberg's *The Lady With The Dog and Other Stories*, by Anton Chekhov

I

IT was said that a new person had appeared on the sea-front: a lady with a little dog. Dmitri Dmitritch Gurov, who had by then been a fortnight at Yalta, and so was fairly at home there, had begun to take an interest in new arrivals. Sitting in Verney's pavilion, he saw, walking on the sea-front, a fair-haired young lady of medium height, wearing a _béret_; a white Pomeranian dog was running behind her.

And afterwards he met her in the public gardens and in the square several times a day. She was walking alone, always wearing the same _béret_, and always with the same white dog; no one knew who she was, and every one called her simply "the lady with the dog."

"If she is here alone without a husband or friends, it wouldn't be amiss to make her acquaintance," Gurov reflected.

He was under forty, but he had a daughter already twelve years old, and two sons at school. He had been married young, when he was a student in his second year, and by now his wife seemed half as old again as he. She was a tall, erect woman with dark eyebrows, staid and dignified, and, as she said of herself, intellectual. She read a great deal, used phonetic spelling, called her husband, not Dmitri, but Dimitri, and he secretly considered her unintelligent, narrow, inelegant, was afraid of her, and did not like to be at home. He had begun being unfaithful to her long ago--had been unfaithful to her often, and, probably on that account, almost always spoke ill of women, and when they were talked about in his presence, used to call them "the lower race."

It seemed to him that he had been so schooled by bitter experience that he might call them what he liked, and yet he could not get on for two days together without "the lower race." In the society of men he was bored and not himself, with them he was cold and uncommunicative; but when he was in the company of women he felt free, and knew what to say to them and how to behave; and he was at ease with them even when he was silent. In his appearance, in his character, in his whole nature, there was something attractive and elusive which allured women and disposed them in his favour; he knew that, and some force seemed to draw him, too, to them.

Experience often repeated, truly bitter experience, had taught him long ago that with decent people, especially Moscow people--always slow to move and irresolute--every intimacy, which at first so agreeably diversifies life and appears a light and charming adventure, inevitably grows into a regular problem of extreme intricacy, and in the long run

the situation becomes unbearable. But at every fresh meeting with an interesting woman this experience seemed to slip out of his memory, and he was eager for life, and everything seemed simple and amusing.

One evening he was dining in the gardens, and the lady in the _béret_ came up slowly to take the next table. Her expression, her gait, her dress, and the way she did her hair told him that she was a lady, that she was married, that she was in Yalta for the first time and alone, and that she was dull there.... The stories told of the immorality in such places as Yalta are to a great extent untrue; he despised them, and knew that such stories were for the most part made up by persons who would themselves have been glad to sin if they had been able; but when the lady sat down at the next table three paces from him, he remembered these tales of easy conquests, of trips to the mountains, and the tempting thought of a swift, fleeting love affair, a romance with an unknown woman, whose name he did not know, suddenly took possession of him.

He beckoned coaxingly to the Pomeranian, and when the dog came up to him he shook his finger at it. The Pomeranian growled: Gurov shook his finger at it again.

The lady looked at him and at once dropped her eyes.

"He doesn't bite," she said, and blushed.

"May I give him a bone?" he asked; and when she nodded he asked courteously, "Have you been long in Yalta?"

"Five days."

"And I have already dragged out a fortnight here."

There was a brief silence.

"Time goes fast, and yet it is so dull here!" she said, not looking at him.

"That's only the fashion to say it is dull here. A provincial will live in Belyov or Zhidra and not be dull, and when he comes here it's 'Oh, the dullness! Oh, the dust!' One would think he came from Grenada."

She laughed. Then both continued eating in silence, like strangers, but after dinner they walked side by side; and there sprang up between them the light jesting conversation of people who are free and satisfied, to whom it does not matter where they go or what they talk about. They walked and talked of the strange light on the sea: the water was of a soft warm lilac hue, and there was a golden streak from the moon upon

it. They talked of how sultry it was after a hot day. Gurov told her that he came from Moscow, that he had taken his degree in Arts, but had a post in a bank; that he had trained as an opera-singer, but had given it up, that he owned two houses in Moscow.... And from her he learnt that she had grown up in Petersburg, but had lived in S---- since her marriage two years before, that she was staying another month in Yalta, and that her husband, who needed a holiday too, might perhaps come and fetch her. She was not sure whether her husband had a post in a Crown Department or under the Provincial Council--and was amused by her own ignorance. And Gurov learnt, too, that she was called Anna Sergeyevna.

Afterwards he thought about her in his room at the hotel--thought she would certainly meet him next day; it would be sure to happen. As he got into bed he thought how lately she had been a girl at school, doing lessons like his own daughter; he recalled the diffidence, the angularity, that was still manifest in her laugh and her manner of talking with a stranger. This must have been the first time in her life she had been alone in surroundings in which she was followed, looked at, and spoken to merely from a secret motive which she could hardly fail to guess. He recalled her slender, delicate neck, her lovely grey eyes.

"There's something pathetic about her, anyway," he thought, and fell asleep.

II

A week had passed since they had made acquaintance. It was a holiday. It was sultry indoors, while in the street the wind whirled the dust round and round, and blew people's hats off. It was a thirsty day, and Gurov often went into the pavilion, and pressed Anna Sergeyevna to have syrup and water or an ice. One did not know what to do with oneself.

In the evening when the wind had dropped a little, they went out on the groyne to see the steamer come in. There were a great many people walking about the harbour; they had gathered to welcome some one, bringing bouquets. And two peculiarities of a well-dressed Yalta crowd were very conspicuous: the elderly ladies were dressed like young ones, and there were great numbers of generals.

Owing to the roughness of the sea, the steamer arrived late, after the sun had set, and it was a long time turning about before it reached the groyne. Anna Sergeyevna looked through her lorgnette at the steamer and the passengers as though looking for acquaintances, and when she turned to Gurov her eyes were shining. She talked a great deal and asked disconnected questions, forgetting next moment what she had asked; then she dropped her lorgnette in the crush.

The festive crowd began to disperse; it was too dark to see people's faces. The wind had completely dropped, but Gurov and Anna Sergeyevna still stood as though waiting to see some one else come from the steamer. Anna Sergeyevna was silent now, and sniffed the flowers without looking at Gurov.

"The weather is better this evening," he said. "Where shall we go now? Shall we drive somewhere?"

She made no answer.

Then he looked at her intently, and all at once put his arm round her and kissed her on the lips, and breathed in the moisture and the fragrance of the flowers; and he immediately looked round him, anxiously wondering whether any one had seen them.

"Let us go to your hotel," he said softly. And both walked quickly.

The room was close and smelt of the scent she had bought at the Japanese shop. Gurov looked at her and thought: "What different people one meets in the world!" From the past he preserved memories of careless, good-natured women, who loved cheerfully and were grateful to him for the happiness he gave them, however brief it might be; and of women like his wife who loved without any genuine feeling, with superfluous phrases, affectedly, hysterically, with an expression that suggested that it was not love nor passion, but something more significant; and of two or three others, very beautiful, cold women, on whose faces he had caught a glimpse of a rapacious expression--an obstinate desire to snatch from life more than it could give, and these were capricious, unreflecting, domineering, unintelligent women not in their first youth, and when Gurov grew cold to them their beauty excited his hatred, and the lace on their linen seemed to him like scales.

But in this case there was still the diffidence, the angularity of inexperienced youth, an awkward feeling; and there was a sense of consternation as though some one had suddenly knocked at the door. The attitude of Anna Sergeyevna--"the lady with the dog"--to what had happened was somehow peculiar, very grave, as though it were her fall--so it seemed, and it was strange and inappropriate. Her face dropped and faded, and on both sides of it her long hair hung down mournfully; she mused in a dejected attitude like "the woman who was a sinner" in an old-fashioned picture.

"It's wrong," she said. "You will be the first to despise me now."

There was a water-melon on the table. Gurov cut himself a slice and began eating it without haste. There followed at least half an hour of silence.

Anna Sergeyevna was touching; there was about her the purity of a good, simple woman who had seen little of life. The solitary candle burning on the table threw a faint light on her face, yet it was clear that she was very unhappy.

"How could I despise you?" asked Gurov. "You don't know what you are saying."

"God forgive me," she said, and her eyes filled with tears. "It's awful."

"You seem to feel you need to be forgiven."

"Forgiven? No. I am a bad, low woman; I despise myself and don't attempt to justify myself. It's not my husband but myself I have deceived. And not only just now; I have been deceiving myself for a long time. My husband may be a good, honest man, but he is a flunkey! I don't know what he does there, what his work is, but I know he is a flunkey! I was twenty when I was married to him. I have been tormented by curiosity; I wanted something better. 'There must be a different sort of life,' I said to myself. I wanted to live! To live, to live!... I was fired by curiosity ... you don't understand it, but, I swear to God, I could not control myself; something happened to me: I could not be restrained. I told my husband I was ill, and came here.... And here I have been walking about as though I were dazed, like a mad creature; ... and now I have become a vulgar, contemptible woman whom any one may despise."

Gurov felt bored already, listening to her. He was irritated by the naïve tone, by this remorse, so unexpected and inopportune; but for the tears in her eyes, he might have thought she was jesting or playing a part.

"I don't understand," he said softly. "What is it you want?"

She hid her face on his breast and pressed close to him.

"Believe me, believe me, I beseech you ..." she said. "I love a pure, honest life, and sin is loathsome to me. I don't know what I am doing. Simple people say: 'The Evil One has beguiled me.' And I may say of myself now that the Evil One has beguiled me."

"Hush, hush!..." he muttered.

He looked at her fixed, scared eyes, kissed her, talked softly and affectionately, and by degrees she was comforted, and her gaiety returned; they both began laughing.

Afterwards when they went out there was not a soul on the sea-front. The town with its cypresses had quite a deathlike air, but the sea still broke noisily on the shore; a single barge was rocking on the waves, and a lantern was blinking sleepily on it.

They found a cab and drove to Oreanda.

"I found out your surname in the hall just now: it was written on the board--Von Diderits," said Gurov. "Is your husband a German?"

"No; I believe his grandfather was a German, but he is an Orthodox Russian himself."

At Oreanda they sat on a seat not far from the church, looked down at the sea, and were silent. Yalta was hardly visible through the morning mist; white clouds stood motionless on the mountain-tops. The leaves did not stir on the trees, grasshoppers chirruped, and the monotonous hollow sound of the sea rising up from below, spoke of the peace, of the eternal sleep awaiting us. So it must have sounded when there was no Yalta, no Oreanda here; so it sounds now, and it will sound as indifferently and monotonously when we are all no more. And in this constancy, in this complete indifference to the life and death of each of us, there lies hid, perhaps, a pledge of our eternal salvation, of the unceasing movement of life upon earth, of unceasing progress towards perfection. Sitting beside a young woman who in the dawn seemed so lovely, soothed and spellbound in these magical surroundings--the sea, mountains, clouds, the open sky--Gurov thought how in reality everything is beautiful in this world when one reflects: everything except what we think or do ourselves when we forget our human dignity and the higher aims of our existence.

A man walked up to them--probably a keeper--looked at them and walked away. And this detail seemed mysterious and beautiful, too. They saw a steamer come from Theodosia, with its lights out in the glow of dawn.

"There is dew on the grass," said Anna Sergeyevna, after a silence.

"Yes. It's time to go home."

They went back to the town.

Then they met every day at twelve o'clock on the sea-front, lunched and dined together, went for walks, admired the sea. She complained that she slept badly, that her heart throbbed violently; asked the same questions, troubled now by jealousy and now by the fear that he did not respect her sufficiently. And often in the square or gardens, when there was no one near them, he suddenly drew her to him and kissed her passionately. Complete idleness, these kisses in broad daylight while he

looked round in dread of some one's seeing them, the heat, the smell of the sea, and the continual passing to and fro before him of idle, well-dressed, well-fed people, made a new man of him; he told Anna Sergeyevna how beautiful she was, how fascinating. He was impatiently passionate, he would not move a step away from her, while she was often pensive and continually urged him to confess that he did not respect her, did not love her in the least, and thought of her as nothing but a common woman. Rather late almost every evening they drove somewhere out of town, to Oreanda or to the waterfall; and the expedition was always a success, the scenery invariably impressed them as grand and beautiful.

They were expecting her husband to come, but a letter came from him, saying that there was something wrong with his eyes, and he entreated his wife to come home as quickly as possible. Anna Sergeyevna made haste to go.

"It's a good thing I am going away," she said to Gurov. "It's the finger of destiny!"

She went by coach and he went with her. They were driving the whole day. When she had got into a compartment of the express, and when the second bell had rung, she said:

"Let me look at you once more ... look at you once again. That's right."

She did not shed tears, but was so sad that she seemed ill, and her face was quivering.

"I shall remember you ... think of you," she said. "God be with you; be happy. Don't remember evil against me. We are parting forever--it must be so, for we ought never to have met. Well, God be with you."

The train moved off rapidly, its lights soon vanished from sight, and a minute later there was no sound of it, as though everything had conspired together to end as quickly as possible that sweet delirium, that madness. Left alone on the platform, and gazing into the dark distance, Gurov listened to the chirrup of the grasshoppers and the hum of the telegraph wires, feeling as though he had only just waked up. And he thought, musing, that there had been another episode or adventure in his life, and it, too, was at an end, and nothing was left of it but a memory.... He was moved, sad, and conscious of a slight remorse. This young woman whom he would never meet again had not been happy with him; he was genuinely warm and affectionate with her, but yet in his manner, his tone, and his caresses there had been a shade of light irony, the coarse condescension of a happy man who was, besides, almost twice her age. All the time she had called him kind, exceptional, lofty; obviously he had seemed to her different from what he really was, so he had unintentionally deceived her....

Here at the station was already a scent of autumn; it was a cold evening.

"It's time for me to go north," thought Gurov as he left the platform. "High time!"

III

At home in Moscow everything was in its winter routine; the stoves were heated, and in the morning it was still dark when the children were having breakfast and getting ready for school, and the nurse would light the lamp for a short time. The frosts had begun already. When the first snow has fallen, on the first day of sledge-driving it is pleasant to see the white earth, the white roofs, to draw soft, delicious breath, and the season brings back the days of one's youth. The old limes and birches, white with hoar-frost, have a good-natured expression; they are nearer to one's heart than cypresses and palms, and near them one doesn't want to be thinking of the sea and the mountains.

Gurov was Moscow born; he arrived in Moscow on a fine frosty day, and when he put on his fur coat and warm gloves, and walked along Petrovka, and when on Saturday evening he heard the ringing of the bells, his recent trip and the places he had seen lost all charm for him. Little by little he became absorbed in Moscow life, greedily read three newspapers a day, and declared he did not read the Moscow papers on principle! He already felt a longing to go to restaurants, clubs, dinner-parties, anniversary celebrations, and he felt flattered at entertaining distinguished lawyers and artists, and at playing cards with a professor at the doctors' club. He could already eat a whole plateful of salt fish and cabbage.

In another month, he fancied, the image of Anna Sergeyevna would be shrouded in a mist in his memory, and only from time to time would visit him in his dreams with a touching smile as others did. But more than a month passed, real winter had come, and everything was still clear in his memory as though he had parted with Anna Sergeyevna only the day before. And his memories glowed more and more vividly. When in the evening stillness he heard from his study the voices of his children, preparing their lessons, or when he listened to a song or the organ at the restaurant, or the storm howled in the chimney, suddenly everything would rise up in his memory: what had happened on the groyne, and the early morning with the mist on the mountains, and the steamer coming from Theodosia, and the kisses. He would pace a long time about his room, remembering it all and smiling; then his memories passed into dreams, and in his fancy the past was mingled with what was to come. Anna Sergeyevna did not visit him in dreams, but followed him about

everywhere like a shadow and haunted him. When he shut his eyes he saw her as though she were living before him, and she seemed to him lovelier, younger, tenderer than she was; and he imagined himself finer than he had been in Yalta. In the evenings she peeped out at him from the bookcase, from the fireplace, from the corner--he heard her breathing, the caressing rustle of her dress. In the street he watched the women, looking for some one like her.

He was tormented by an intense desire to confide his memories to some one. But in his home it was impossible to talk of his love, and he had no one outside; he could not talk to his tenants nor to any one at the bank. And what had he to talk of? Had he been in love, then? Had there been anything beautiful, poetical, or edifying or simply interesting in his relations with Anna Sergeyevna? And there was nothing for him but to talk vaguely of love, of woman, and no one guessed what it meant; only his wife twitched her black eyebrows, and said:

"The part of a lady-killer does not suit you at all, Dimitri."

One evening, coming out of the doctors' club with an official with whom he had been playing cards, he could not resist saying:

"If only you knew what a fascinating woman I made the acquaintance of in Yalta!"

The official got into his sledge and was driving away, but turned suddenly and shouted:

"Dmitri Dmitritch!"

"What?"

"You were right this evening: the sturgeon was a bit too strong!"

These words, so ordinary, for some reason moved Gurov to indignation, and struck him as degrading and unclean. What savage manners, what people! What senseless nights, what uninteresting, uneventful days! The rage for card-playing, the gluttony, the drunkenness, the continual talk always about the same thing. Useless pursuits and conversations always about the same things absorb the better part of one's time, the better part of one's strength, and in the end there is left a life grovelling and curtailed, worthless and trivial, and there is no escaping or getting away from it--just as though one were in a madhouse or a prison.

Gurov did not sleep all night, and was filled with indignation. And he had a headache all next day. And the next night he slept badly; he sat up in bed, thinking, or paced up and down his room. He was sick of his children, sick of the bank; he had no desire to go anywhere or to talk

of anything.

In the holidays in December he prepared for a journey, and told his wife he was going to Petersburg to do something in the interests of a young friend--and he set off for S----. What for? He did not very well know himself. He wanted to see Anna Sergeyevna and to talk with her--to arrange a meeting, if possible.

He reached S---- in the morning, and took the best room at the hotel, in which the floor was covered with grey army cloth, and on the table was an inkstand, grey with dust and adorned with a figure on horseback, with its hat in its hand and its head broken off. The hotel porter gave him the necessary information; Von Diderits lived in a house of his own in Old Gontcharny Street--it was not far from the hotel: he was rich and lived in good style, and had his own horses; every one in the town knew him. The porter pronounced the name "Dridirits."

Gurov went without haste to Old Gontcharny Street and found the house. Just opposite the house stretched a long grey fence adorned with nails.

"One would run away from a fence like that," thought Gurov, looking from the fence to the windows of the house and back again.

He considered: to-day was a holiday, and the husband would probably be at home. And in any case it would be tactless to go into the house and upset her. If he were to send her a note it might fall into her husband's hands, and then it might ruin everything. The best thing was to trust to chance. And he kept walking up and down the street by the fence, waiting for the chance. He saw a beggar go in at the gate and dogs fly at him; then an hour later he heard a piano, and the sounds were faint and indistinct. Probably it was Anna Sergeyevna playing. The front door suddenly opened, and an old woman came out, followed by the familiar white Pomeranian. Gurov was on the point of calling to the dog, but his heart began beating violently, and in his excitement he could not remember the dog's name.

He walked up and down, and loathed the grey fence more and more, and by now he thought irritably that Anna Sergeyevna had forgotten him, and was perhaps already amusing herself with some one else, and that that was very natural in a young woman who had nothing to look at from morning till night but that confounded fence. He went back to his hotel room and sat for a long while on the sofa, not knowing what to do, then he had dinner and a long nap.

"How stupid and worrying it is!" he thought when he woke and looked at the dark windows: it was already evening. "Here I've had a good sleep for some reason. What shall I do in the night?"

He sat on the bed, which was covered by a cheap grey blanket, such as one sees in hospitals, and he taunted himself in his vexation:

"So much for the lady with the dog ... so much for the adventure....
You're in a nice fix...."

That morning at the station a poster in large letters had caught his eye. "The Geisha" was to be performed for the first time. He thought of this and went to the theatre.

"It's quite possible she may go to the first performance," he thought.

The theatre was full. As in all provincial theatres, there was a fog above the chandelier, the gallery was noisy and restless; in the front row the local dandies were standing up before the beginning of the performance, with their hands behind them; in the Governor's box the Governor's daughter, wearing a boa, was sitting in the front seat, while the Governor himself lurked modestly behind the curtain with only his hands visible; the orchestra was a long time tuning up; the stage curtain swayed. All the time the audience were coming in and taking their seats Gurov looked at them eagerly.

Anna Sergeyevna, too, came in. She sat down in the third row, and when Gurov looked at her his heart contracted, and he understood clearly that for him there was in the whole world no creature so near, so precious, and so important to him; she, this little woman, in no way remarkable, lost in a provincial crowd, with a vulgar lorgnette in her hand, filled his whole life now, was his sorrow and his joy, the one happiness that he now desired for himself, and to the sounds of the inferior orchestra, of the wretched provincial violins, he thought how lovely she was. He thought and dreamed.

A young man with small side-whiskers, tall and stooping, came in with Anna Sergeyevna and sat down beside her; he bent his head at every step and seemed to be continually bowing. Most likely this was the husband whom at Yalta, in a rush of bitter feeling, she had called a flunkey. And there really was in his long figure, his side-whiskers, and the small bald patch on his head, something of the flunkey's obsequiousness; his smile was sugary, and in his buttonhole there was some badge of distinction like the number on a waiter.

During the first interval the husband went away to smoke; she remained alone in her stall. Gurov, who was sitting in the stalls, too, went up to her and said in a trembling voice, with a forced smile:

"Good-evening."

She glanced at him and turned pale, then glanced again with horror,

unable to believe her eyes, and tightly gripped the fan and the lorgnette in her hands, evidently struggling with herself not to faint. Both were silent. She was sitting, he was standing, frightened by her confusion and not venturing to sit down beside her. The violins and the flute began tuning up. He felt suddenly frightened; it seemed as though all the people in the boxes were looking at them. She got up and went quickly to the door; he followed her, and both walked senselessly along passages, and up and down stairs, and figures in legal, scholastic, and civil service uniforms, all wearing badges, flitted before their eyes. They caught glimpses of ladies, of fur coats hanging on pegs; the draughts blew on them, bringing a smell of stale tobacco. And Gurov, whose heart was beating violently, thought:

"Oh, heavens! Why are these people here and this orchestra!..."

And at that instant he recalled how when he had seen Anna Sergeyevna off at the station he had thought that everything was over and they would never meet again. But how far they were still from the end!

On the narrow, gloomy staircase over which was written "To the Amphitheatre," she stopped.

"How you have frightened me!" she said, breathing hard, still pale and overwhelmed. "Oh, how you have frightened me! I am half dead. Why have you come? Why?"

"But do understand, Anna, do understand ..." he said hastily in a low voice. "I entreat you to understand...."

She looked at him with dread, with entreaty, with love; she looked at him intently, to keep his features more distinctly in her memory.

"I am so unhappy," she went on, not heeding him. "I have thought of nothing but you all the time; I live only in the thought of you. And I wanted to forget, to forget you; but why, oh, why, have you come?"

On the landing above them two schoolboys were smoking and looking down, but that was nothing to Gurov; he drew Anna Sergeyevna to him, and began kissing her face, her cheeks, and her hands.

"What are you doing, what are you doing!" she cried in horror, pushing him away. "We are mad. Go away to-day; go away at once.... I beseech you by all that is sacred, I implore you.... There are people coming this way!"

Some one was coming up the stairs.

"You must go away," Anna Sergeyevna went on in a whisper. "Do you hear,

Dmitri Dmitritch? I will come and see you in Moscow. I have never been happy; I am miserable now, and I never, never shall be happy, never! Don't make me suffer still more! I swear I'll come to Moscow. But now let us part. My precious, good, dear one, we must part!"

She pressed his hand and began rapidly going downstairs, looking round at him, and from her eyes he could see that she really was unhappy. Gurov stood for a little while, listened, then, when all sound had died away, he found his coat and left the theatre.

IV

And Anna Sergeyevna began coming to see him in Moscow. Once in two or three months she left S---, telling her husband that she was going to consult a doctor about an internal complaint--and her husband believed her, and did not believe her. In Moscow she stayed at the Slaviansky Bazaar hotel, and at once sent a man in a red cap to Gurov. Gurov went to see her, and no one in Moscow knew of it.

Once he was going to see her in this way on a winter morning (the messenger had come the evening before when he was out). With him walked his daughter, whom he wanted to take to school: it was on the way. Snow was falling in big wet flakes.

"It's three degrees above freezing-point, and yet it is snowing," said Gurov to his daughter. "The thaw is only on the surface of the earth; there is quite a different temperature at a greater height in the atmosphere."

"And why are there no thunderstorms in the winter, father?"

He explained that, too. He talked, thinking all the while that he was going to see her, and no living soul knew of it, and probably never would know. He had two lives: one, open, seen and known by all who cared to know, full of relative truth and of relative falsehood, exactly like the lives of his friends and acquaintances; and another life running its course in secret. And through some strange, perhaps accidental, conjunction of circumstances, everything that was essential, of interest and of value to him, everything in which he was sincere and did not deceive himself, everything that made the kernel of his life, was hidden from other people; and all that was false in him, the sheath in which he hid himself to conceal the truth--such, for instance, as his work in the bank, his discussions at the club, his "lower race," his presence with his wife at anniversary festivities--all that was open. And he judged of others by himself, not believing in what he saw, and always believing that every man had his real, most interesting life under the cover of secrecy and under the cover of night. All personal life rested on

secrecy, and possibly it was partly on that account that civilised man was so nervously anxious that personal privacy should be respected.

After leaving his daughter at school, Gurov went on to the Slaviansky Bazaar. He took off his fur coat below, went upstairs, and softly knocked at the door. Anna Sergeyevna, wearing his favourite grey dress, exhausted by the journey and the suspense, had been expecting him since the evening before. She was pale; she looked at him, and did not smile, and he had hardly come in when she fell on his breast. Their kiss was slow and prolonged, as though they had not met for two years.

"Well, how are you getting on there?" he asked. "What news?"

"Wait; I'll tell you directly.... I can't talk."

She could not speak; she was crying. She turned away from him, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Let her have her cry out. I'll sit down and wait," he thought, and he sat down in an arm-chair.

Then he rang and asked for tea to be brought him, and while he drank his tea she remained standing at the window with her back to him. She was crying from emotion, from the miserable consciousness that their life was so hard for them; they could only meet in secret, hiding themselves from people, like thieves! Was not their life shattered?

"Come, do stop!" he said.

It was evident to him that this love of theirs would not soon be over, that he could not see the end of it. Anna Sergeyevna grew more and more attached to him. She adored him, and it was unthinkable to say to her that it was bound to have an end some day; besides, she would not have believed it!

He went up to her and took her by the shoulders to say something affectionate and cheering, and at that moment he saw himself in the looking-glass.

His hair was already beginning to turn grey. And it seemed strange to him that he had grown so much older, so much plainer during the last few years. The shoulders on which his hands rested were warm and quivering. He felt compassion for this life, still so warm and lovely, but probably already not far from beginning to fade and wither like his own. Why did she love him so much? He always seemed to women different from what he was, and they loved in him not himself, but the man created by their imagination, whom they had been eagerly seeking all their lives; and afterwards, when they noticed their mistake, they loved him all the

same. And not one of them had been happy with him. Time passed, he had made their acquaintance, got on with them, parted, but he had never once loved; it was anything you like, but not love.

And only now when his head was grey he had fallen properly, really in love--for the first time in his life.

Anna Sergeyevna and he loved each other like people very close and akin, like husband and wife, like tender friends; it seemed to them that fate itself had meant them for one another, and they could not understand why he had a wife and she a husband; and it was as though they were a pair of birds of passage, caught and forced to live in different cages. They forgave each other for what they were ashamed of in their past, they forgave everything in the present, and felt that this love of theirs had changed them both.

In moments of depression in the past he had comforted himself with any arguments that came into his mind, but now he no longer cared for arguments; he felt profound compassion, he wanted to be sincere and tender....

"Don't cry, my darling," he said. "You've had your cry; that's enough.... Let us talk now, let us think of some plan."

Then they spent a long while taking counsel together, talked of how to avoid the necessity for secrecy, for deception, for living in different towns and not seeing each other for long at a time. How could they be free from this intolerable bondage?

"How? How?" he asked, clutching his head. "How?"

And it seemed as though in a little while the solution would be found, and then a new and splendid life would begin; and it was clear to both of them that they had still a long, long road before them, and that the most complicated and difficult part of it was only just beginning.

ÆSTHETICISM --In dogs--Origin of love of music in the dog--Dog's knowledge of the echo

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Dawn of Reason, Mental Traits in Lower Animals*, by James Weir

The opening movement of Chopin's *Marche Funébre* affects me very disagreeably. The music is, to me, absolutely repugnant. The beautiful melody in the second movement is, however, to me exceedingly agreeable and affords me intense pleasure and gratification. The lower animals are likewise agreeably or disagreeably affected by certain musical sounds. Close observation has taught me the fact that certain musical keys are more agreeable to dogs than others. If a composition in a certain key, the fundamental note of which is agreeable to a dog, be played, he will either listen quietly and intently to the sounds, or will, sometimes, utter low and not unmusical howls in accord or "in tune" with the fundamental note. If the music be in a key not pleasing to him, he will either show absolute indifference, or will express his dissatisfaction with discordant yelps not in accord with the fundamental note of the key.

The bell of a certain church in my town sounds G. A collie, which lives next door to the church, when the bell is rung, never fails to express his delight in the sound. He listens intently while the bell is ringing, occasionally giving utterance to low howls, the notes being either B-flat, E-flat, or some other note in accord with G. This dog visits a house next door to another church, the bell of which sounds F. He never shows the slightest interest when this bell is rung. When I play compositions in F-sharp, an English fox-terrier of mine will lie on the floor and listen for an hour at a time. If I change to the key of E-flat, B-flat, or G, he will soon leave the room.

A question naturally obtrudes itself here in the matter of the dog which barks in accord with the church-bell. Does he do this knowingly (consciously), or is it simply an accident? I believe the former, and consider it the result of an acquired psychical habitude.

That the dog is conscious (self-conscious) that his voice is in accord with the bell, I will not venture to assert, for, knowledge on this point, I take it, is beyond the power of man to acquire. I mean by the word, "knowingly," when I say that the dog knowingly pitches his voice in accord with the bell, not that he has any knowledge whatever of harmony, such as an educated musician possesses, or such even as the inherited experiences of a thousand years of music-loving ancestors would naturally impress upon the mind of a civilized European of to-day, but that he has an acquired imitative faculty (a faculty possessed by some of the negroes of Central Africa as well as by many other savage

ances), of attuning his voice to sounds which are pleasing to his ears. In support of this proposition I instance the fact of the dog's acquired habit of barking, which has been developed since his domestication. In his wild state the dog never barks.

Man himself has done much toward arousing and cultivating the imitative faculty in the dog (which, in the beginning, impelled this highly developed animal to answer his master, thus originating the first vocables--barking--in the canine language), by conversing with him. In all probability, it is only an "anatomical barrier and a psychical accident" at best, which prevent the dog from addressing his master through the agency of speech itself!

The dog's voice is exceedingly pleasing to himself, and, most frequently, when "baying the moon," he is listening to his own singing, not (as is generally supposed) as it pours forth from his throat, but in a more pleasing manner, as it is breathed back to his listening ears from the airy lips of Echo!

That dogs have discovered that pleasing phenomenon, the echo, I do not question for a single instant. If a dog which is in the habit of "baying the moon" be watched, it will be observed that he invariably selects the same spot or spots for his nocturnal concerts. If you happen to be standing in the neighborhood, you will also notice that there is always an echo, more or less distinct, of his barking; and, if you will observe closely, you will see that the dog listens for this echo, and that he will not resume his song until it (the echo) has entirely ceased. That this is the true explanation of "baying the moon" (where there is not another dog in the distance whose clamorous barkings have aroused a like performance on the part of the animal under observation), the following instance, coming under my own observation, would seem to indicate.

I had frequently noticed that a spaniel crept under a honeysuckle bush in my front yard whenever he gave one of his serenades. Time and again I tried to hear the echo, but in vain, and an almost verified fact seemed in danger of total annihilation. Finally, it occurred to me to dispossess the dog and take his place beneath the bush. I called him out and succeeded with much difficulty in getting beneath the bush, from whence I, imitating his voice, sent several howling barks. My theory was no longer merely theory, but was, instead, a verified fact, for, sharp, clear, and distinct, the echoes of my voice came back from some buildings an eighth of a mile away! Some peculiar acoustic environment made it impossible to get the echo at any place, as far as I could discover, other than beneath the bush.[62]

[62] These observations are original, and, while I am fully convinced of their truth, I would yet like to have them substantiated by other observers. This habit indicates a high degree of æsthetic feeling in

LOVE AND MOONDOGS

By Richard Mckenna

*"_The true dog, madame, was
originally the golden jackal_,
Canis aureus.... _He must love
and be loved, or he dies._"*

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The headline on the newspapers stacked in front of the drugstore read "RUSS DOG REACHES MOON ALIVE." A man in a leather jacket stopped to scan it.

Across the street, frost lay crisp on the courthouse lawn, and the white and tan spotted hound put up his forepaws on the kitchen stool as if to warm them. The four women were too busy hauling down the flag to notice.

Martha Stonery in the persian lamb coat paid out the halyard. Monica Flint in the reddish muskrat and Paula Hart in the brown fox caught the flag and folded it, careful not to let it touch the wet cement. A postman and the man in the leather jacket stopped on the sidewalk to watch.

Martha, plump face grim under pinchnose spectacles, fastened one halyard snap to a metal ring taped and wired to the dog's right hind leg.

"Hoist away, girls."

Monica, Paula and Abigail Silax in nutria hauled in unison while Martha held the flag. The hound scrabbled with his forepaws and barked frantically. As he went struggle-twisting upward he began to howl in a bell-like voice. The women grunted with effort. People were coming across the lawn and pale faces moved behind the courthouse windows.

"Two block," Martha said. "Vast hauling and belay."

She pulled the kitchen stool nearer the flagpole and climbed on it to face the small crowd across the shelf of her bosom. Cars were stopping,

people streaming in from all sides. Martha patted her piled gray hair and made her thin lips into a parrot beak.

"Fellow Americans!" she cried above the howling. "Our leaders are cowards and it is time for the people to act before the Russians come and murder us all in our beds! We, the United Dames of the Dog, hereby protest the Russian crime of putting a trusting, loving dog on the moon to starve and freeze and smother and die of loneliness! This dog above our heads cries out to the world against the Russian breach of faith between dog and man. He will stay there until the Russians bring their dog home safely or make amends for their crime!"

"Like hell!" said the man in the leather jacket, moving in.

"_Martha!_" Abigail shrieked. "He's taking it down!"

Monica pulled at his wrists. Paula slapped and scratched at his face. "You brute! You coward!" they shrilled.

Martha jumped off the stool and kicked him. He backed away, bent and holding himself.

"Look, ladies," he gasped, "for God's sake--"

"Here now, here now, this is county property," said a fat man in shirtsleeves with pink sleeve garters, pushing through the crowd. "What's all this? Take that dog down, somebody!"

"Never!" Martha snapped. She put her back against the halyard cleat, unfolded the flag and draped it around herself. A loose strand of gray hair fell across her face.

"If you're so big and brave, go bring down the Russian dog," she told the fat man coldly.

"Now _listen_, lady," the fat man said. The _Clarion_ press photographer was sprinting across the lawn.

* * * * *

George Stonery was tall, thin, stooped and anxious in a gray business suit.

"I came as soon as I could," he told Sheriff Breen across the scarred, paper-littered wooden desk. "I was away checking one of our warehouses."

"You can make bail for her in two minutes, right across the hall," the sheriff said, scratching his jowl. "She wouldn't make it for herself,

said we had to lock her in our sputnik."

"Where is she now?"

"In the sputnik."

The desk phone rang and the sheriff growled into it, "Hell you say. State forty-three just past Roy Farm? Right. I s'pose you already heard what we had on the lawn here this morning?"

The phone gave forth an excited gobbling. The sheriff's red eyebrows rose in disbelief and his heavy jaw dropped in dismay. He put down the phone.

"That was city," he told Stonery. "Complaint about a dog hanging by one leg from a tree just outside city limits. But it's going on all over town too--dogs hanging on trees, out of windows, off clotheslines--every squad car is out. Your old lady sure started something!"

"What did she _do_?" Stonery asked in anguish.

The sheriff told him. "Kicked a big fat deputy where it hurts, too. Maybe we ought to hold her after all. She says she's president of the United Dogs of something."

"United Dames of the Dog," the thin man corrected. "They hold meetings and things. She started it when the Russians put up their second sputnik."

"Well, I hope none of them dames lives out in the county," the sheriff said, rising. "You fix up bail, Mr. Stonery. I got to send out a deputy."

Walking past the flagpole with her husband, Martha Stonery wore an exalted look.

"All over America dogs will cry out in protest against the Russian crime," she said. "I have kindled a flame, George, that will sweep away the Kremlin. I, a weak woman...."

She insisted on driving herself home in her new station wagon.

* * * * *

Sirening police cars passed Stonery three times as he drove home in the evening. Outside the tan stucco ranch-style house on Euclid Avenue, cars blocked the driveway and a crowd milled on the lawn. Stonery

parked under the oak tree at the curb and got out.

Martha stood in the living room by the picture window and harangued the crowd through a screened side panel. Centered in the window her spaniel Fiffalo writhed, hanging by a hind leg from the massive gilt floor lamp and yipping piteously. Martha had on her suit of gray Harris tweed and her diamond brooch.

"... moral pressure the Russians simply _cannot_ resist," Stonery heard her shouting as he joined the crowd. "The men talk, but the United Dames of the Dog are not afraid to act. Putting a dear little dog on the moon to die of heart-break!"

Several young men near the window scribbled on white pads.

"How many members do you have, Mrs. Stonery?" one asked.

"The U.D.D. is bigger than you think, young man. Bigger than the Russians think, for all their spies and traitors!"

Stonery sidled in and tried the front door.

"She locked it," one of the reporters told him. "The cops went back for a warrant. Say! You're Stonery!"

"Yes," the thin man said, flushing. A press camera flashed and he put up his hands too late to shield his face.

"Give us a statement, Mr. Stonery, before the cops come back," the reporters clamored.

Stonery backed off, waving his hands. "Please, please," he said.

"She cracked?" a reporter asked. "When did you first notice?"

"Please," Stonery said. "Yes, she's upset. Her oldest son went into the state penitentiary in California last week. She's very upset about it."

"He kill somebody?" the same reporter asked.

"No, oh no ... just armed robbery ... please don't print that, boys."

"Here come the cops back!" someone shouted.

Two policemen crossed the lawn, one waving a paper. "Here is our warrant of forcible entry, Mrs. Stonery," he called out. He began reading it aloud.

"The U.D.D. will not shrink from any extremes of police brutality," Martha cried sharply. Fiffalo struggled and yelped louder.

The second policeman smashed the lock with a ten-pound sledge. The reporters swept Stonery into the house with them. One policeman untied Fiffalo and held him in his arms. He strained his head back and away from the spaniel's whimpering kisses. Martha glared selflessly while flash bulbs popped.

Stonery pulled gently at the other policeman's sleeve.

"May I come along, officer?" he asked. "I'm her husband. I'll have to arrange bail."

"Not taking her," the policeman said. "No room left in the pokey. Since two o'clock we been arresting the dogs."

* * * * *

The bellboy put down the silver bucket of ice cubes, pocketed the quarter and went out. The skinny secretary put a bottle of whisky beside it and turned to that fat adjutant sprawled shoeless on the bed.

"Looks like Governor Bob'll be a while yet, Sam," the secretary said. "Shall we drink without him?"

"Hell yes, I need one, Dave," the adjutant said in his frog voice, wiggling his toes. "Bob must be having himself a time with that Stonery dame." He chuckled and slapped his belly.

The secretary tore wrappers off two tumblers and clinked ice into them. His rabbit face with its spectacles framed in clear plastic expressed a rabbitry concern.

"It ain't for laughs, Sam," he said. "It's like the dancing mania of the Middle Ages, ever hear of it?"

"No. D'they string up dogs by a hind leg too?"

"No, only danced. But it was catching, like this is. My God, Sam, it's all over the state now, U.D.D. women running in packs at night, singing, hanging up every dog they can catch. Sam, it _scares_ me."

He splashed whisky into the two glasses. The adjutant belched, sat up in a creaking of bed springs, and scratched his heavy jaw.

"You're thinking they might start hanging up us poor sons of bitches, ain't you?" he asked. "Hell, call out the Guard. Clamp on a curfew." He

reached for a glass.

"Yes, and the Russians'll fake pictures of your boys sticking old women with bayonets," the secretary said. "Governor Bob couldn't get reelected as dogcatcher, even."

The adjutant drained his glass, lipping back the ice, and whistled his breath out through pouting lips.

"Good! Needed that," he grunted. "Dave, Bob's got that Stonery dame by the short hairs, he'll swing her into line. Just that about her boy in the state pen out in California is enough. Brown would do Bob a favor and spring him. Or the papers here would splash it. Either way."

"I know, I know," the secretary said, sipping at his drink. "We'll see, when Bob gets here. Meanwhile, as of yesterday we had thirty-three thousand seven hundred twenty-six dogs in protective custody and God knows how many more under house arrest. Sixteen thousand bucks a day it's costing us--"

He broke off as a knock sounded on the door. He hastily tore the wrapper off another glass and splashed it full of ice and bourbon. The adjutant padded to the door and opened it. The governor, a stout, florid man in a gray sports coat, came in and sat stiffly on the edge of the bed. The secretary handed him the drink and he gulped half of it before speaking.

"No smoke, boys," he said finally. "She give it to me just like she does to the papers. We got to go to the moon, or make the Russians do it, and bring that poor, dear, sweet, trusting, cuddly little dog back to Earth again."

"How about her kid out on the coast?" the adjutant asked.

"She spit in my eye, Sam. Said she was just as brave to be a martyr as the dogs they string up. Why, she even told me about another boy of hers, living in sin with a black woman down in Cuba, and dared me to give that to the papers too."

"She sounds tough as she looks."

"She's tougher," the governor groaned. "Like blue granite. I felt like I was back in the third grade." He handed his empty glass to the secretary.

"What did you finally do?" the secretary asked.

"What the hell could I do? I want that U.D.D. vote, it must be a

whopper. I wagged my tail and barked for her and said I had an idea."

"And now I got to think up the idea," the secretary said, still holding the empty glass.

"No, I thought it up on my way back," the governor said. "I'm going to fly to Washington this afternoon."

"Not the army, for God's sake," pleaded the adjutant.

"No, I'm going to dump it on the Russian embassy. Damn their black hearts, they started this. Hurry up with that drink!"

"Watch out you don't lose your donkey for sure and all," the adjutant said. "Them Russians are smart cookies."

"They'll have to be," the governor said, reaching for the fresh drink. "They sure ... as ... _hell_ ... will have to be!"

* * * * *

All the folding chairs were taken. Extra women stood in the aisles and along the side of the hall. Martha Stonery bulged over the rostrum in blue knitted wool and a pearl necklace. Seated around a half-circle of chairs behind her, pack leaders and committee chairwomen smoothed at their skirts. Monica Flint in dove gray sat at the organ.

Martha pounded with her gavel so hard that her pearls rattled.

"Everyone will please stand while we sing our hymn," she said into the resultant hush. She nodded to Monica, who began to play.

"_I did not raise my dog to ride a sputnik, I will not let him wander to the moon...._" The song was a shrill thundering.

Martha beamed across her bosom as the crowd settled itself again.

"I have a most thrilling announcement to make before we adjourn, girls," she said, "but first we will have committee reports. Paula Hart, will you begin?" She yielded the rostrum.

All the reports were favorable. The U.D.D. was getting four times as many column-inches in the state press as the Russian moonship. It was on TV and radio. A _Life_ team was coming.

Changes were recommended. Vigilante packs were not to carry hat pins any more. Two policemen had lost eyes and the police were being ugly about it. A bar of soap in a man's sock was to be substituted. More

practice on the clove hitch was needed. Too often, in their excitement, the pack ladies were only putting two half hitches around the leg and the dog could struggle out of it.

Martha came back to the rostrum to read the honor roll of those whom dogs had bitten or policemen had insulted. Each heroine came forward amid cheers and clapping to receive a certificate exchangeable for the Bleeding Heart medal as soon as the honors committee could agree on a design and have a supply made up. Martha shook the hands, some of them bandaged, and wept a few tears.

"And now, fellow U.D.D. members," she said, "I will tell you my surprise. Tomorrow morning I have an appointment with someone coming from Washington!"

A sighing murmur swept through the hall.

"No, not _Eisenhower_," Martha said scornfully. "A man from the Russian embassy, a Mr. Cherkassov."

Applause crashed shrilly. Women wept and hugged each other.

"They want to make peace," Martha shouted ringingly into the tumult. "We've won, girls! Sally out tonight and don't come in until the last dog is hung! We'll show them what it means to challenge the massed U.D.D.-ers of America!"

* * * * *

The state police cordon kept the 2200 block of Euclid Avenue free of reporters and idle gapers. The state car drove up at 10:00 A.M. and parked under the oak tree. Mr. Cherkassov and the two TASS men got out.

Mr. Cherkassov was stocky and crop-haired in a blue suit. His broad, high-cheekboned face, with snub nose and an inward tilt about the eyes, managed to seem both alert and impassive. Carrying a pig-skin briefcase, he led the way to the Stonery front door.

He stepped on the doormat and pressed the bell. The doormat whirled and writhed under his feet and he stepped back hastily. Martha Stonery, regal in maroon silk, four-inch cameo and piled gray hair, opened the door.

"Don't be afraid of the doormat, Mr. Cherkassov--you _are_ Mr. Cherkassov, aren't you?" she asked sweetly.

He nodded, looking from her to the doormat.

"Your weight presses something and the little brushes spin around and clean your shoes," she explained. "I expect you don't have things like that in Russia. But _do_, please, come in and sit down."

The three men stepped carefully across the mat on entering. In the oak-paneled living room, Paula Hart waited in black wool and pearls with Monica Flint, who wore white jade and green jersey. Martha and Mr. Cherkassov made introductions back and forth and the men bowed stiffly. Then Martha sat down flanked by her aides on the gray sofa facing the picture window. The men sat in single chairs and rubbed their polished black shoes uneasily against the deep-pile gray rug.

"Madame Stonery, I have come to justify moondog," Mr. Cherkassov said. His voice was deep and controlled.

"Two wrongs don't make a right, Mr. Cherkassov," Martha said, raising her head. "You needn't bring up Hiroshima. We already know about those thousands of little black and white spaniels. Besides, I saw a _Life_ picture where you sewed a little dog's head to the side of a big dog's neck."

Mr. Cherkassov looked at his stubby fingers and hid them under his briefcase. Paula and Monica nodded accusingly and one TASS man made a note.

"We do not believe it is a wrong when a greater value prevails over a lesser," Mr. Cherkassov said. "Moondog sends us information that will hasten the time of safe space-travel for humans."

"And who might _you_ be, to say which value is greatest? Space travel is moonshine, just _moonshine_!"

"I do not understand your word, madame. If you mean impossible, I must point out that moondog has already crossed space."

Martha clasped her hands in her lap. "That's what I mean, grown men and such _silliness_, and the poor little dog has to pay."

Mr. Cherkassov spoke earnestly. "Forgive me if my ignorance of your language causes me to misunderstand, madame. We believe because man now has the ability to cross space he therefore has a _duty_ to all life on Earth to help it reach other planets. Earth is overcrowded with men, not to speak of the wild life that soon must all die. We believe that around other suns we will find Earth-like planets where we can plough and harvest and build homes. I cannot agree that it is silly."

Martha flung her head back.

"Well, it is silly. Who'll go? All the men who do things will run away to them and then where will we be? Oh no, Mr. Cherkassov, that gets you nowhere!"

"Your pardon, madame," a TASS man interrupted. "What kind of men will run away?"

"The sour-faced men who fix pipes and TV and make A-bombs and electricity and things."

"Oh," said Mr. Cherkassov. He drummed on his briefcase. Then, "Perhaps only Russians will go, madame. You could pass a law. I must confess to you, we might have sent a man to the moon, but we feared the propaganda use your country might make of it."

Martha made her parrot mouth. "You should have sent a man!" She chomped the last word off short. Paula and Monica nodded vigorously.

Mr. Cherkassov stroked his briefcase. "Moondog's mistress wished greatly to go. One might say moondog saved her mistress' life. Is not that a value to you?"

Martha stared. "Did you dare think of sending a poor weak woman to the ... to the moon?"

"Russian women are coarse and strong," Mr. Cherkassov said soothingly. "A large number of them, among the scientists, did volunteer."

* * * * *

Martha sat bolt upright and made her parrot beak again. Her fat cheeks flushed under the powder.

"No!" she snapped. "I see where you're trying to lead me and I won't go! You should have sent the hussy! It is immoral to sacrifice a loving little dog just for a careless whim."

Her two aides gazed admiringly at their chieftainess. "Think of it, just for a whim!" Paula echoed.

Mr. Cherkassov's fingers traced an aimless, intricate pattern on the briefcase and he crossed his ankles.

"All dogs are not loving in the same way, madame. Tell me, how do you know when a dog loves you?"

"You just know," Martha said. "Take my little Fiffalo--and I just know

he's so miserable now away from me in that dreadful concentration camp and it's all your fault, really, Mr. Cherkassov--when I pet Fiffalo he jumps in my lap and kisses me and just _wiggles_ all over. That's real love!"

"Ah ... I perhaps understand. What does he do when you speak sharply to him?"

"He lies on his back with his paws waving and looks so sad and pitiful and defenseless that my heart melts and I feel good all over. You just _know_ that's love, when it happens to you."

Monica dabbed at a tear. Both TASS men scribbled.

"I think I may see a way to resolve our differences," Mr. Cherkassov said. He put his feet side by side and leaned slightly forward, gripping the briefcase on his knees.

"What do you know of the history of the dog?" he asked.

"Well, he's always been man's best friend and the savage Indians used to eat him and ... and...."

"The true dog, madame, was domesticated about twenty thousand years ago. He was originally the golden jackal, _Canis aureus_, which still exists in a wild state. Selective breeding for submissiveness and obedience over that long time has resulted in the retention through maturity of many traits normal only to puppyhood. The modern pureline golden jackal dog no longer develops a secret life of his own, with emotional self-sufficiency. He must love and be loved, or he dies."

Monica sniffed. "What a beautiful name," Paula murmured. Martha nodded warily.

"But, madame, there is also a kind of false dog. Certain Siberian tribes slow to reach civilized status also domesticated the northern wolf, _Canis lupus_. This was many thousands of years later, of course, and in the false dog the effect of long breeding is not so evident. He is loving as a puppy, but when he matures he is aloof and reserves his loyalty to one master. He is intensely loyal and will die for his master, but even to him he will display little outward affection. Perhaps a wag of the tail or a head laid on the knee, not too often. No others except quite young children may pet him at all. To all but his master he displays a kind of tolerant indifference unless he is molested, and then he defends himself."

"What a horrible creature, not a dog at all!" Martha exclaimed.

"Not culturally, you are quite correct, madame," Mr. Cherkassov agreed, shifting his hold on the briefcase and leaning further forward, "but unfortunately he is a dog biologically. Some wolf blood has crept into most of the jackal-derived breeds, you know. It betrays itself in high cheekbones and slanting eyes and in the _personality_ of the breed. The chow, for instance, has considerable wolf blood."

"Chows!" Martha beaked her lips again. "I despise them! No better than cats!" Paula nodded emphatic agreement.

"But your little Fiffalo, as you describe him, is probably of pure _Canis aureus_ descent and very highly bred."

"I'm sure he is. Blood will tell. Monica, haven't I always said blood will tell?"

Monica nodded, her eyes shining. Mr. Cherkassov shifted his position slightly, nearer to the chair edge.

"Now moondog, Madame Stonery, is of the _lajka_ breed and has even more wolf blood than the chow. If you brought her back to Earth she would just walk away from you with cold indifference."

"Not _really_?"

"Madame, you know the wolf traits only as you find them tempered with the loving jackal traits in such dogs as the chow. But a _Russian_ dog! If you were to hand moondog a piece of meat, do you know what she would do?"

"No. Tell me."

Mr. Cherkassov leaned forward, his slanting gray eyes opening wide, and dropped his voice almost to a whisper. "Madame, she would _bite_ your hand!"

"Then she doesn't deserve to be rescued!" Martha said sharply.

Mr. Cherkassov straightened up and began stroking his briefcase. "In one sense she is not even a dog," he suggested.

"No, she's an old wolf-thing. Like a cat. Dogs are _loving_!"

"Perhaps not morally worthy of your campaign?"

"No, of _course_ not. Mr. Cherkassov, you have given me a new thought.... I hadn't realized...."

Mr. Cherkassov waited attentively, his fingers tracing another pattern. Paula and Monica looked at Martha and held their breaths.

"... hadn't realized how that subversive wolf blood has been creeping into our loving dogs all this long time. Why ... why it's miscegenation! It's _bestiality_! Confess it, Mr. Cherkassov--that's one way you Russians have been infiltrating us, now isn't it?"

Mr. Cherkassov raised his sandy eyebrows, and a frosty twinkle shone in his tilted eyes.

"You must realize that I could hardly admit to such a thing, even if it were true, Madame Stonery," he said judiciously.

"It _is_ true! Go back to your Kremlin, Mr. Cherkassov, and shoot every wolf in Russia to the moon. I'm sure the U.D.D. won't mind!"

Mr. Cherkassov and the TASS men stood up and bowed. Martha rose and sailed ahead of them to the door. Hand on knob, she turned to face them.

"Our meeting will be historic, Mr. Cherkassov," she said. "I have forced you to betray your country's plot to undermine our loving dogs. You may expect from the U.D.D. instant and massive retaliation! An aroused America will move at once, to set up miscegenation and segregation barriers against your despicable wolf blood!"

Paula and Monica stood up, each with her hands clasped under her flushed and excited face. Mr. Cherkassov bowed again. Martha opened the door.

"Goodbye, Mr. Cherkassov," she said. "You will, no doubt, be liquidated in a few days."

Mr. Cherkassov stepped carefully across the doormat.

THE DOG FAMILY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Living Animals of the World, Volume 1* (of 2), by C. J. Cornish

The tribe now treated is called the Dog Family, and rightly so, for our domestic dogs are included in the group, which comprises the Wolves, Dogs, Jackals, Wild Dogs, and Foxes. Their general characters are too familiar to need description, but it should be noted that the foxes differ from the dogs in having contracting pupils to the eye (which in bright sun closes like a cat's to a mere slit) and some power of climbing. The origin of the domestic dog is still unsettled.

THE WOLF.



This great enemy of man and his dependants--the creature against the ravages of which almost all the early races of Europe had to combine, either in tribes, villages, or principalities, to protect their children, themselves, and their cattle--was formerly found all over the northern hemisphere, both in the Old and New Worlds. In India it is rather smaller, but equally fierce and cunning, though, as there are no long winters, it does not gather in packs. It is still so common in parts of the Rocky Mountains that the cattle and sheep of the ranch-holders and wild game of the National Yellowstone Park suffer severely. In Switzerland the ancient organisations of wolf clubs in the cantons are still maintained. In

Brittany the Grand Louvetier is a government official. Every very hard winter wolves from the Carpathians and Russia move across the frozen rivers of Europe even to the forests of the Ardennes and of Fontainebleau. In Norway they ravage the reindeer herds of the Lapps. Only a few years ago an artist, his wife, and servant were all attacked on their way to Budapest, in Hungary, and the man and his wife killed. The last British wolf was killed in 1680 by Cameron of Lochiel. Wolves are common in Palestine, Persia, and India.

Without going back over the well-known history of the species, we will give some anecdotes of the less commonly known exploits of these fierce and dangerous brutes. Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book" has given us an "heroic" picture of the life of the Indian wolves. There is a great deal of truth in it. Even the child-stealing by wolves is very probably a fact, for native opinion is unanimous in crediting it. Babies laid down by their mothers when working in the fields are constantly carried off and devoured by them, and stories of their being spared and suckled by the she-wolves are very numerous.

Indian wolves hunt in combination, without assembling in large packs. The following is a remarkable instance, recorded by General Douglas Hamilton: "When returning with a friend from a trip to the mountain caves of Ellora, we saw a herd of antelope near a range of low rocky hills; and as there was a dry nullah, or watercourse, we decided on having a stalk. While creeping up the nullah, we noticed two animals coming across the plain on our left. We took them at first for leopards, but then saw that they were wolves. When they were about 500 yards from the antelope, they lay down quietly. After about ten minutes or so, the smaller of the two got up and trotted off to the rocky hills, and suddenly appeared on the ridge, running backwards and forwards like a Scotch collie dog. The larger wolf, as soon as he saw that the antelope were fully occupied in watching his companion, got up and came as hard as he could gallop to the nullah. Unfortunately he saw us and bolted; and his companion, seeing there was something wrong, did the same. Now, it is evident that these wolves had regularly planned this attack. One was to occupy the attention of the antelope, the other to steal up the watercourse and dash into the midst of them. At another time a brother-officer of mine was stalking a herd of antelope which were feeding down a grassy valley, when suddenly a wolf got up before him, and then another and then another, until fourteen wolves rose out of the grass. They were extended right across the valley in the shape of a fishing-net or jelly-bag, so that as soon as the herd had got well into the jelly-bag they would have rushed on the antelope, and some must have fallen victims to their attack." They have been known to join in the chase of antelopes by dogs. Captain Jackson, of the Nizam's service, let his dogs course an antelope fawn. A wolf jumped up, joined the dogs, and all three seized the fawn together. He then came up, whipped off the dogs and the wolf, and secured the fawn, which did not seem hurt. The wolf immediately sat down and began to howl at the loss of his prey, and in a few moments made a dash

at the officer, but when within a few yards thought better of it, and recommenced howling. This brought another wolf to his assistance. Both howled and looked very savage, and seemed inclined to make another dash at the antelope. But the horse-keepers came up, and the wolves retired.

The Indian wolf, if a male, stands about 26 inches high at the shoulder. The length of head and body is 37 inches; tail, 17 inches.

The same species practically haunts the whole of the world north of the Himalaya. It varies in colour from almost black to nearly pure white. In the Hudson Bay fur-sales every variety of colour between these may be seen, but most are of a tawny brindle. The male grows to a very great size. One of the largest ever seen in Europe was for years at the London Zoo. It stood 6 feet high when on its hind legs, and its immense head and jaws seemed to occupy one-third of the space from nose to tail. Horses are the main prey of the Northern Wolf. It will kill any living creature, but horseflesh is irresistible. It either attacks by seizing the flank and throwing the animal, or bites the hocks. The biting power is immense. It will tear a solid mass of flesh at one grip from the buttock of a cow or horse. In the early days of the United States, when Audubon was making his first trip up the head-waters of the Missouri, flesh of all kinds was astonishingly abundant on the prairies. Buffalo swarmed, and the Indians had any quantity of buffalo-meat for the killing. Wolves of very large size used to haunt the forts and villages, and were almost tame, being well fed and comfortable. Far different was the case even near St. Petersburg at the same period. A traveller in 1840 was chased by a pack of wolves so closely that when the sledge-horses reached the post-house and rushed into the stable, the doors of which were open, seven of the wolves rushed in after them. The driver and traveller leaped from the sledge just as it reached the building, and horses and wolves rushed past them into it. The men then ran up and closed the doors. Having obtained guns, they opened the roof, expecting to see that the horses had been killed. Instead all seven wolves were slinking about beside the terrified horses. All were killed without resistance.

In Siberia and Russia the wolves in winter are literally starving. Gathering in packs, they haunt the roads, and chase the sledges with their unfaltering gallop. Seldom in these days does a human life fall victim; but in very hard winters sledge-horses are often killed, and now and then a peasant. Rabies is very common among wolves. They then enter the villages, biting and snapping at every one. Numbers of patients are sent yearly from Russia and Hungary to the Pasteur Institutes, after being bitten by rabid wolves. In Livonia, in 1823, it was stated that the following animals had been killed by wolves: 15,182 sheep, 1,807 oxen, 1,841 horses, 3,270 goats, 4,190 pigs, 703 dogs, and numbers of geese and fowls. They followed the Grand Army from Russia to Germany in 1812, and restocked the forests of Europe with particularly savage wolves. It is said that in the retreat from

Moscow twenty-four French soldiers, with their arms in their hands, were attacked, killed, and eaten by a pack of wolves.

From very early times special breeds of dogs have been trained to guard sheep against the attacks of wolves. Some of these were intended to defend the flock on the spot, others to run down the wolves in the open. The former are naturally bred to be very large and heavy; the latter, though they must be strong, are light and speedy. Of the dogs which guard the flocks several races still survive. Among the most celebrated are those of Albania and the mountainous parts of Turkey, and the wolf-dogs of Tibet, generally called Tibetan Bloodhounds. The Tartar shepherds on the steppes near the Caucasus also keep a very large and ferocious breed of dog. All these are of the mastiff type, but have long, thick hair. When the shepherds of Albania or Mount Rhodope are driving their flocks along the mountains to the summer pastures, they sometimes travel a distance of 200 miles. During this march the dogs act as flankers and scouts by day and night, and do battle with the wolves, which know quite well the routes along which the sheep usually pass, and are on the look-out to pick up stragglers or raid the flock. The Spanish shepherds employ a large white shaggy breed of dog as guards against wolves. These dogs both lead the sheep and bring up the rear in the annual migration of the flocks to and from the summer pastures. In the west of America, now that sheep-ranching on a large scale has been introduced, wolf-dogs are bred to live entirely with the sheep. They are suckled when puppies by the ewes instead of by their own mothers, and become as it were a part of the flock.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt gives an interesting account of wolf-coursing in Russia, in an article contributed to "The Encyclopædia of Sport" (Lawrence & Bullen). "In Russia the sport is a science," he writes. "The princes and great landowners who take part in it have their hunting-equipages equipped perfectly to the smallest detail. Not only do they follow wolves in the open, but they capture them and let them out before dogs, like hares in a closed coursing-meeting. The huntsman follows his hounds on horseback. (These hounds are the Borzoi, white giant greyhounds, now often seen in England.) Those in Russia show signs of reversion to the type of the Irish wolf-hound, dogs weighing something like 100 lbs., of remarkable power, and of reckless and savage temper. Now three or four dogs are run together. They are not expected to kill the wolf, but merely to hold him.... The Borzois can readily overtake and master partly grown wolves, but a full-grown dog-wolf, in good trim, will usually gallop away from them."

A number of these Borzoi dogs have been imported into America, and are used to course wolves in the Western States. But there professional wolf-hunters are employed to kill off the creatures near the ranches. One such hunter lives near Colonel Roosevelt's ranche on the Little Missouri. His pack of large dogs will tear in pieces the biggest wolf without aid from the hunter. Of his own efforts in wolf-coursing he writes: "We generally started for the hunting-ground very early, riding across the open country

in a widely spread line of dogs and men. If we put up a wolf, we simply went at him as hard as we knew how. Young wolves, or those which had not attained their full strength, were readily overtaken, and the pack would handle a she-wolf quite readily. A big dog-wolf, or even a full-grown and powerful she-wolf, offered an altogether different problem. Frequently we came upon one after it had gorged itself on a colt or a calf. Under such conditions, if the dogs had a good start, they ran into the wolf and held him.... Packs composed of nothing but specially bred and trained greyhounds of great size and power made a better showing. Under favourable circumstances three or four of these dogs readily overtook and killed the largest wolf.... Their dashing courage and ferocious fighting capacity were marvellous, and in this respect I was never able to see much difference between the smooth and rough--the Scotch deerhound or the greyhound type."

Wolf cubs are born in April or May. The litter is from four to nine. There was one of six a few years ago at the Zoological Gardens at the Hague, pretty little creatures like collie puppies, but quarrelsome and rough even in their play. When born, they were covered with reddish-white down; later the coat became woolly and dark.

The European wolf's method of hunting when in chase of deer is by steady pursuit. Its speed is such and its endurance so great that it can overtake any animal. But there is no doubt that the favourite food of the wolf is mutton, which it can always obtain without risk on the wild mountains of the Near East, if once the guardian dogs are avoided. M. Tschudi, the naturalist of the Alps, gives a curious account of the assemblage of wolves in Switzerland in 1799. They had, as is mentioned above, followed the armies from Russia. Having tasted human flesh, they preferred it to all other, and even dug up the corpses. The Austrian, French, and Russian troops penetrated in 1799 into the highest mountain valleys of Switzerland, and fought sanguinary battles there. Hundreds of corpses were left on the mountains and in the forests, which acted as bait to the wolves, which were not destroyed for some years.

Wolves will interbreed with dogs readily, which the red fox will not. The progeny do not bark, but howl. The Eskimo cross their dogs with wolves to give them strength.

THE COYOTE, OR PRAIRIE-WOLF.

Besides the large grey wolf, a smaller and less formidable animal is common on the prairies and mountains of the northern half of the continent of America. This is the Coyote. It takes the place of the hyæna as a scavenger, but has some of the habits of the fox. It catches birds and buck-rabbits, and feeds on insects, as well as small rodents like prairie-dogs and mice. Its melancholy howls make night hideous on the northern prairies, and it is the steady foe of all young creatures, such as

the fawns of prong-horned antelope and deer. Its skin, like that of most northern carnivora, is thick and valuable for fur wraps. The coyotes assemble in packs like jackals.

In the National Park in the Yellowstone Valley grey wolves and coyotes are the only animals which it is absolutely necessary to destroy. As the deer and antelope and other game increased under State protection, the wolves and coyotes drew towards a quarter where there were no hunters and a good supply of food. It was soon found that the increase of the game was checked. The coyotes used to watch the hinds when about to drop their calves, and usually succeeded in killing them. The large grey wolves killed the hinds themselves, and generally made life most unpleasant for the dwellers in this paradise. Orders were issued to kill off all the wolves by any means. Poison was found to be the best remedy; but in the winter, when all the game descended into the valleys, the wolves found so much fresh food in the carcasses of the animals they killed for themselves that they would not eat very eagerly of the poisoned baits. The coyotes were killed off fairly closely, as they are less able to obtain living prey; but the grey wolves are constantly reinforced from the mountains, and are a permanent enemy to be coped with.

A curious instance of change of habit in wolves on the American prairies was recently noted in the *Spectator*. Formerly they followed the caravans; now they come down to the great transcontinental railways, and haunt the line to obtain food. Each train which crosses the prairie is, like a ship, full of provisions. Three meals a day take place regularly, and these are not stinted. The black cooks throw all the waste portions--beef-bones, other bones, stale bread, and trimmings--overboard. The wolves have learnt that the passing of a train means food, and when they hear one they gallop down to the line, and wait like expectant dogs in the hope of picking up a trifle. The coyotes come close to the metals, and sit like terriers, with their sharp noses pricked up. The big grey wolves also appear in the early morning, standing on the snow, over which the chill wind of winter blows, gaunt and hungry images of winter and famine.

Some years ago experiments were made at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens to ascertain if there were any foundation for the old legends that wolves feared the sound of stringed instruments such as the violin. Every one will remember the story of the fiddler pursued by wolves. It is said that as the pack overtook him he broke a string of his instrument, and that the sudden noise of the parting cord caused the pack to stand still for a minute, and so enabled him to reach a tree, which he climbed. Further, that when he improved on the hint so given, and played his fiddle, the wolves all sat still; when he left off, they leapt up and tried to reach him. Experiments with the Zoo wolves showed that there was no doubt whatever that the low minor chords played on a violin cause the greatest fear and agitation in wolves, both European and Indian. The instrument was first played behind the den of an Indian wolf, and out of sight. At the first

sound the wolf began to tremble, erected its fur, dropped its tail between its legs, and crept uneasily across its den. As the sounds grew louder and more intense, the wolf trembled so violently, and showed such physical evidence of being dominated by excessive fright, that the keeper begged that the experiment might be discontinued, or the creature would have a fit. A large European wolf is described in "Life at the Zoo" as having exhibited its dislike of the music in a different way. It set up all its fur till it looked much larger than its ordinary size, and drew back its lips until all the white teeth protruding from the red gums were shown. It kept silent till the violin-player approached it; then it flew at him with a ferocious growl, and tried to seize him.

There are instances of wolves having been quite successfully tamed, and developing great affection for their owners. They are certainly more dog-like than any fox; yet even the fox has been tamed so far as to become a domesticated animal for the lifetime of one particular individual. An extraordinary instance of this was lately given in _Country Life_, with a photograph of the fox. It was taken when a cub, and brought up at a large country house with a number of dogs. Among these were three terriers, with which it made friends. There were plenty of wild foxes near, some of which occasionally laid up in the laurels in a shrubbery not far from the house. These laurels were, in fact, a fairly safe find for a fox. It was the particular sport of the terriers to be taken to "draw" this bit of cover, and to chase out any fox in it. On these expeditions the tame fox invariably accompanied them, and took an active part in the chase, pursuing the wild fox as far as the terriers were able to maintain the hunt.

In Central Asia the wolves lie out singly on the steppes during the summer, and feed on the young antelopes and the lambs and kids of the Tartars' flocks. The Kirghiz organise wolf-killing parties, to which as many mounted men and dogs come as can be brought together. In order to aid the dogs, the Tartars often employ eagles trained to act like falcons, which sit on the arm of the owner. As the eagle is too heavy to be carried for any time in this way, a crutch is fastened to the left side of the saddle, on which the bearer of the falcon rests his arm. When a wolf is sighted, the eagle is loosed, and at once flies after the wolf, and overtakes it in a short time, striking at its head and eyes with its talons, and buffeting it with its wings. This attack so disconcerts the wolf that it gives time for the dogs to come up and seize it.

The habits of the Siberian wolf are rather different from those in West Russia, and the settlers and nomad Tartars of Siberia are far more adventurous and energetic in defending themselves against its ravages than the peasants of European Russia. Being mounted, they also have a great advantage in the pursuit. The result is that Siberian wolves seldom appear in large packs, and very rarely venture to attack man. Yet the damage they do to the flocks and herds which constitute almost the only property of the nomad tribes is very severe.

Both the Russians and Siberians believe that when a she-wolf is suckling her young she carefully avoids attacking flocks in the neighbourhood of the place where the cubs lie, but that if she be robbed of her whelps she revenges herself by attacking the nearest flock. On this account the Siberian peasants rarely destroy a litter, but hamstring the young wolves and then catch them when partly grown, and kill them for the sake of their fur. Among the ingenious methods used for shooting wolves in Siberia is that of killing them from sledges. A steady horse is harnessed to a sledge, and the driver takes his seat in front as usual. Behind sit two men armed with guns, and provided with a small pig, which is induced to squeak often and loudly. In the rear of the sledge a bag of hay is trailed on a long rope. Any wolf in the forest near which hears the pig concludes that it is a young wild one separated from its mother. Seeing the hay-bag trailing behind the sledge in the dusk, it leaps out to seize it, and is shot by the passengers sitting on the back seat of the sledge.



THE JACKAL.

Of the Wild Canine Family, the JACKAL is the next in numbers and importance to the wolves. Probably in the East it is the most numerous of any. In India, Egypt, and Syria it regularly haunts the outskirts of cities, and lives on refuse. In the Indian plains wounded animals are also killed by the jackals. At night the creatures assemble in packs, and scour the outskirts of the cities. Horrible are the howlings and weird the cries of these hungry packs. In Ceylon they live in the hills and open country like foxes, and kill the hares. When taken young jackals can be tamed, and have all the manners of a dog. They wag their tails, fawn on their master, roll

over and stick up their paws, and could probably be domesticated in a few generations, were it worth while. They eat fruits and vegetables, such as melons and pumpkins, eagerly.

In Africa two species are found--the BLACK-BACKED JACKAL and the STRIPED JACKAL; the former is the size of a large English fox. The young jackals are born in holes or earths; six seems to be the usual number of puppies. They have nearly always a back door by which they can escape; this is just large enough for the puppies to squeeze through, whatever their size. When fox-terriers are put into the earth, the jackal puppies fly out of their back doors, through which, as a rule, the terriers are unable to follow them. Should there be no one outside, the puppies race out on to the veldt as hard as they can go. This jackal is terribly destructive to sheep and lambs in the Colony. A reward of 7s. 6d. per tail is paid to the Kaffirs for killing them. The SIDE-STRIPED JACKAL is a Central African species, said to hunt in packs, to interbreed with domestic dogs, and to be most easily tamed.

Both in India and South Africa the jackal has been found to be of some service to the white man by providing him with a substitute for the fox to hunt. It has quite as remarkable powers of endurance as the fox, though it does not fight in the same determined way when the hounds overtake it. But it is not easy to estimate the courage of a fox when in difficulties. The writer has known one, when coursed by two large greyhounds, to disable both almost instantaneously. One was bitten across the muzzle, the other through the foot. The fox escaped without a bite from either. In India the hounds used are drafts from English packs. The hot weather does not suit them, and they are seldom long-lived; but while they are in health they will run a jackal across the Indian plains as gaily as they would a fox over the Hampshire Downs. The meet is very early in the morning, as the scent then lies, and riding is not too great an exertion. The ground drawn is not the familiar English covert, but fields, watercourses, and old buildings. A strong dog-jackal goes away at a great pace, and as the ground is open the animal is often in view for the greater part of the run; but it keeps well ahead of the hounds often for three or four miles, and if it does not escape into a hole or ruin is usually pulled down by them. Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell has written and illustrated an amusing account of his days with the fox-hounds of South Africa hunting jackals. The local Boer farmers, rough, unkempt, and in ragged trousers, used to turn up smoking their pipes to enjoy the sport with the smartly got-up English officers. When once the game was found, they were just as excited as the Englishmen, and on their Boer ponies rode just as hard, and with perhaps more judgment.

Jackals are said to be much increasing in South Africa since the outbreak of the war. The fighting has so far arrested farming operations that the war usually maintained on all beasts which destroy cattle or sheep has been allowed to drop. In parts of the more hilly districts both the jackal and the leopard are reappearing where they have not been common for years, and

it will take some time before these enemies of the farmer are destroyed.

THE MANED WOLF.

This is by far the largest of several peculiar South American species of the Dog Family which we have not room to mention. It occurs in Paraguay and adjoining regions, and is easily distinguishable by its long limbs and large ears. It is chestnut-red in colour, with the lower part of the legs black, and is solitary in its habits.

THE WILD DOG OF AFRICA, OR CAPE HUNTING-DOG.

This is a most interesting creature, differing from the true dogs in having only four toes on both fore and hind feet, and in being spotted like a hyæna. These dogs are the scourge of African game, hunting in packs. Long of limb and swift of foot, incessantly restless, with an overpowering desire to snap and bite from mere animal spirits, the Cape wild dog, even when in captivity and attached to its master, is an intractable beast. In its native state it kills the farmers' cattle and sheep and the largest antelopes. A pack has been seen to kill and devour to the last morsel a large buck in fifteen minutes. Drummond says: "It is a marvellous sight to see a pack of them hunting, drawing cover after cover, their sharp bell-like note ringing through the air, while a few of the fastest of their number take up their places along the expected line of the run, the wind, the nature of the ground, and the habits of the game being all taken into consideration with wonderful skill." The same writer says that he has seen them dash into a herd of cattle feeding not a hundred yards from the house, drive out a beast, disappear over a rising ground, kill it, and pick its bones before a horse could be saddled and ridden to the place.

THE INDIAN WILD DOGS.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories of the "Dhole," the red dogs of the Indian jungle, have made the world familiar with these ferocious and wonderfully bold wild dogs. There is very little doubt that they were found in historic times in Asia Minor. Possibly the surviving stories of the "Gabriel hounds" and other ghostly packs driving deer alone in the German and Russian forests, tales which remain even in remote parts of England, are a survival of the days when the wild dogs lived in Europe. At present there is one species of long-haired wild dog in West Central Siberia. These dogs killed nearly all the deer in the large forests near Omsk some years ago. Across the Himalaya there are several species, one of them as far east as Burma; but the most famous are the RED DOGS OF THE DECCAN. They frequent both the jungles and the hills; but their favourite haunt is the uplands of the Indian Ghats. They are larger than a jackal, much stronger, and hunt in packs. They have only ten teeth on each side, instead of eleven, as in the other dogs and foxes. There is no doubt that these fierce hunting-dogs

actually take prey from the tiger's jaws, and probably attack the tiger itself. They will beset a tiger at any time, and the latter seems to have learnt from them an instinctive fear of dogs. Not so the leopard, which, being able to climb, has nothing to fear even from the "dhole." A coffee-planter, inspecting his grounds, heard a curious noise in the forest bordering his estate. On going round the corner of a thick bush, he almost trod on the tail of a tiger standing with his back towards him. He silently retreated, but as he did so he saw that there was a pack of wild dogs a few paces in front of the tiger, yelping at him, and making the peculiar noise which had previously attracted his attention. Having procured a rifle, he returned with some of his men to the spot. The tiger was gone, but they disturbed a large pack of wild dogs feeding on the body of a stag. This, on examination, proved to have been killed by the tiger, for there were the marks of the teeth in its neck. The dogs had clearly driven the tiger from his prey and appropriated it. The dread of the tiger for these wild dogs was discovered by the sportsmen of the Nilgiri Hills, and put to a good use. They used to collect scratch packs and hunt up tigers in the woods. The tiger, thinking they were the dreaded wild pack, would either leave altogether or scramble into a tree. As tigers never do this ordinarily, it shows how wild dogs get on their nerves.

Several South American wild dogs and foxes are included in the series with the wolves and jackals. Among these are AZARA'S DOG and the RACCOON-DOG. These are commonly called foxes, though they have wolf-like skulls.

THE DINGO.

The only non-marsupial animal of Australia when the continent was discovered was the WILD DOG, or DINGO. Its origin is not known; but as soon as the settlers' flocks and herds began to increase its ravages were most serious, though doubtless some of the havoc with which it was accredited was due in a great measure to runaways from domestication. Anyhow, in the dingo the settlers found the most formidable enemy with which they had to contend, and vigorous measures were taken to reduce their numbers and minimise their ravages, so that by now they are nearly exterminated in Van Diemen's Land and rare on the mainland of Australia.

It is a fine, bold dog, of considerable size, generally long-coated, of a light tan colour, and with pricked-up ears. It is easily tamed, and some of those kept in this country have made affectionate pets. Puppies are regularly bred and sold at the Zoological Gardens. The animal has an elongated, flat head which is carried high; the fur is soft, and the tail bushy. In the wild state it is very muscular and fierce.

THE FOXES.

FOXES form a very well-marked group. They have very pointed muzzles, strong

though slightly built bodies, very fine thick fur, often beautifully coloured and very valuable, bushy tails, pricked-up ears, and eyes with pupils which contract by day into a mere slit. They are quite distinct from dogs (although wolves are not), and will not interbreed, though stories are told to the contrary. The smell of a fox is disgusting to a dog, and quite sufficient to distinguish it.

If the present writer takes a simpler view of the kinds and species of foxes than that adopted by many naturalists, he must plead to a study of the subject on slightly different lines than those usually followed. The skins of all foxes are valuable, some more than others. But they are sent in hundreds of thousands, and from all parts of the northern hemisphere, to London to the great fur-sales. There these differences can be studied as they can be studied nowhere else. As the habits and structure of foxes are much alike, allowing for differences of climate, and the discrepancies in size, not more than can be accounted for by abundance or scarcity of food, it seems pretty certain that these animals are some of the few, almost alone among mammals, showing almost every variety of colouring, from black to white, from splendid chameleon-red to salmon-pink, and many exquisite shades of brown, grey, and silver. At the Hudson Bay Company's sales you may see them all, and trace the differences and gradations over whole continents. The most important are those of North America. There the RED CANADIAN FOX, of a ruddier hue than brown, shades off into the yellow and grey CROSS FOX of farther north. But of these there are many varieties. Then farther north still comes an area where red foxes, cross foxes, and black foxes are found. The black fox, when the fur is slightly sprinkled with white, is the famous SILVER FOX. This and the black fox are also found in North Siberia and Manchuria. Farthest north we find the little stunted ARCTIC FOXES. In the Caucasus and Central Asia large yellowish-red foxes live, and in Japan and China a very bright red variety. A small grey fox lives in Virginia, and is hunted with hounds descended from packs taken out before the American Revolution. India has its small DESERT-FOXES ("the little foxes that eat the grapes") and the BENGAL FOX.

The value of the foxes as fur-bearing animals is immense. Only white, blue, and black skins seem to be appreciated in England. The black fox has been known to fetch 150 guineas a skin. But in the East, from Asia Minor to China, red, grey, and yellow fox-skins are the lining of every rich man's winter wraps. Splendid mixed robes are made by the Chinese by inserting portions of cross fox-skins into coats of cut sable, giving the idea that it is the fur of a new animal.

The COMMON FOX, the foundation or type of all the above, is the best-known carnivorous animal in this country. Abroad its habits do not greatly differ, except that, not being hunted much with hounds, it is less completely nocturnal. It drops its young in an earth early in April. Thither the vixen carries food till late in June, when the cubs come out, and often move to a wood or a corn-field. There they are still fed, but

learn to do a little on their own account by catching mice and moles. By late September the hounds come cub-hunting, partly to kill off superfluous foxes, partly to educate the young hounds, and to teach the foxes to fear them and to make them leave cover easily. Four or five cubs in a litter are commonly seen. The distance which a fox will run is extraordinary. The following is a true account of one of the most remarkable runs ever known. The hounds were those of Mr. Tom Smith, master of the Hambledon Hunt. He was the man of whom another famous sportsman said that if he were a fox he should prefer to be hunted by a pack of hounds rather than by Tom Smith with a stick in his hand. The fox was found in a cover called Markwells, at one o'clock in the afternoon in December, near Petersfield. It crossed into Sussex, and ran into an earth in Grafham Hill a little before dark. The fox had gone twenty-seven miles. The hounds had forty miles to go back to kennel that night, and three only found their way home four days afterwards. Dog-foxes assemble in considerable numbers when a vixen is about in spring, and at all times common foxes are sociable creatures, though not actually living in societies. Sometimes as many as five or six are found in a single earth. Two years ago five foxes and a badger were found in one near Romford. They eat mice, beetles, rats, birds, game, poultry, and frogs. Their favourite food is rabbits. If there are plenty of these, they will not touch other game. They hunt along the railway-lines for dead birds killed by the telegraph-wires. In the New Forest they also go down to the shore and pick up dead fish. One in the writer's possession was shot when carrying away a lamb from a sheepfold near the cliffs of Sidmouth, in Devon. The shepherd thought it was a marauding dog, and lay in wait with a gun.

The ARCTIC FOX is somewhat different in habits from others. It is also much smaller than the red foxes. Its fur is almost as soft as eiderdown, and so thick that the cold does not penetrate. In winter the whole coat changes colour, not gradually, but in patches. At the same time a dense growth of under-fur comes up on the body. In summer this is shed in patches, almost like loose felt. The foxes live in colonies, but are so hard put to it for food in the winter that they desert their homes to gather round whaling-ships or encampments. There they steal everything edible, from snowshoe-thongs to seal-flesh. Blue foxes are bred and kept for the sake of their fur on some of the islands in Bering Sea. They are fed on the flesh of the seals killed on the neighbouring islands, and are, like them, killed when their coat is in condition.

Africa has a group of small foxes of its own. They have very large ears and dark eyes. Some of them remind us of the Maholis and other large-eyed lemuroids. Several are not more than 9 or 10 inches long; they are a whitish-khaki colour, but the eyes are very dark and brilliant.

The COMMON FENNEC is found over the whole of Africa. Its favourite food is dates and any sweet fruit, but it is also fond of eggs, and will eat mice and insects. It is probably the original hero of the story of the fox and

the grapes. The large-eared fennec, which is sometimes called the SILVER FOX, is found from the Cape to as far north as Abyssinia. It is 23 inches long, and lives mainly on insects and fruit.

DOMESTIC DOGS.

BY C. H. LANE.

The DOG, almost without exception, shows a marked liking for the society of human beings, and adapts itself to their ways more than any other animal.

Fox-, Stag-, and Hare-hounds--the latter better known as Harriers and Beagles--have many points in common, much beauty of shape and colour, and great suitability for their work, though differing in some other particulars.

Another group--Greyhounds, Whippets, Irish Wolf-hounds, Scottish Deer-hounds, all of which come under the category of Gaze-hounds, or those which hunt by sight--are built for great speed, to enable them to cope with the fleet game they pursue. In the same group should be included the BORZOI, or Russian Wolf-hound, now very popular in this country, with something of the appearance of the Scottish deer-hound about it as to shape, but with a finer, longer head, deeper body, more muscular limbs, and shaggier in the hair on body and tail.

The OTTER-HOUND is one of the most picturesque of all the hound tribe. This variety somewhat reminds one of a large and leggy Dandie Dinmont terrier, with a touch of the blood-hound, and is thought to have been originally produced from a cross between these or similar varieties.

The BLOOD-HOUND is another, with much style and beauty of shape, colour, and character about it which cannot fail to favourably impress any beholder. The matches or trials which have of late years been held in different localities have been most interesting in proving its ability for tracking footsteps for long distances, merely following them by scent, some time after the person hunted started on the trail. By the kindness of my friend Mr. E. Brough, I am able to give as an illustration a portrait of what he considers the best blood-hound ever bred.

Much valued by sportsmen with the gun are POINTERS, so called from their habit of remaining in a fixed position when their quarry is discovered, eagerly pointing in its direction until the arrival of the guns. They are most often white, with liver, lemon, or black markings; but occasionally self colours, such as liver or black, are met with. They have been largely bred in the west of England. I have been fortunate in obtaining one of Mr. E. C. Norrish's celebrated strain as a typical specimen for illustration.

The SETTER group, which comprises three varieties, are all useful and beautiful in their way. The English are usually white, with markings or tickings of blue, lemon, or black; they are rather long and narrow in the head, with bodies and sterns well feathered, and are graceful and active movers. Gordon setters, which are always black and tan in colour, and preferred without any white, are generally larger and stronger in build than the last-named. Irish setters are more on the lines of the English, being a rich tawny red in colour, rather higher on the leg, with narrow skulls, glossy coats, feathered legs and stern, ears set low and lying back, and lustrous, expressive eyes.

RETRIEVERS may be divided into flat-coated and curly-coated. Both are usually black, but other colours are occasionally seen. The coats of the first-named are full, but without curl in them; while the latter have their bodies, heads, legs, thighs, and even tails covered with small close curls. The eyes of both should be dark, and the ears carried closely to the sides of the head. In an article dealing with retrievers, which appeared in the Cornhill Magazine under the title of "Dogs which Earn their Living," the author writes: "There is not the slightest doubt that in the modern retrievers acquired habits, certainly one acquired habit, that of fetching dead and wounded game, are transmitted directly. The puppies sometimes retrieve without being taught, though with this they also combine a greatly improved capacity for further teaching. Recently a retriever was sent after a winged partridge which had run into a ditch. The dog followed it some way down the ditch, and presently came out with an old rusty tea-kettle, held in its mouth by the handle. The kettle was taken from the dog, amid much laughter; then it was found that inside the kettle was the partridge! The explanation was that the bird, when wounded, ran into the ditch, which was narrow. In the ditch was the old kettle, with no lid on. Into this the bird crept; and as the dog could not get the bird out, it very properly brought out the kettle with the bird in it. Among dogs which earn their living, these good retrievers deserve a place in the front rank." The illustration shows a good flat-coated retriever at work.

The SPANIEL group is rather large, including the English and Irish water-spaniels, the former an old-fashioned, useful sort, often liver or roan, with some white or other markings, and a good deal of curl in the coat and on the ears. His Irish brother is always some shade of liver in colour, larger in the body and higher on the leg, covered with a curly coat, except on the tail, which is nearly bare of hair, with a profusion of hair on the top of the head, often hanging down over the eyes, giving a comical appearance, and increasing his Hibernian expression. They make lively, affectionate companions and grand assistants at waterfowl-shooting.

CLUMBER SPANIELS are always a creamy white, with lemon or light tan markings, and are rather slow and deliberate in their movements, but have a stylish, high-class look about them.

SUSSEX SPANIELS are also rather heavy in build and of muscular frame, but can do a day's work with most others. They are a rich copper-red in colour, with low short bodies, long feathered ears, full eyes of deep colour, and are very handsome.

BLACK SPANIELS should be glossy raven-black in colour, with strong muscular bodies on strong short legs, long pendulous ears, and expressive eyes. Good specimens are in high favour, and command long prices. I regret I cannot find room for an illustration of this breed, so deservedly popular.

COCKERS, which are shorter in the back, higher on the leg, and lighter in weight, being usually under 25 lbs., are very popular, full of life, and very attractive in appearance.

BASSET-HOUNDS, both rough- and smooth-coated, are probably the most muscular dogs in existence of their height, with much dignity about them. In the Sporting Teams at the Royal Agricultural Hall there were some thirteen or fifteen teams of all kinds of sporting dogs, and of these a team each of rough and smooth bassets was in the first four.

DACHSHUNDS are often erroneously treated as Sporting Dogs. There are certainly not so many supporters of the breed as formerly. Their lean heads, with long hanging ears, long low bodies, and crooked fore legs, give them a quaint appearance. The colours are usually shades of chestnut-red or black and tan; but some are seen chocolate and "dappled," which is one shade of reddish brown, with spots and blotches of a darker shade all over it.

GREAT DANES, though mostly classed amongst Non-sporting Dogs, have much of the hound in their bearing and appearance. The whole-coloured are not so popular as the various shades of brindle and harlequin, but I have seen many beautiful fawns, blues, and other whole colours. They are being bred with small natural drooping ears. One of the first I remember seeing exhibited was a large harlequin belonging to the late Mr. Frank Adcock, with the appropriate name of "Satan," as, although always shown muzzled, he required the attentions of three or four keepers to deal with him; and at one show I attended he overpowered his keepers, got one of them on the ground, tore his jacket off, and gave him a rough handling.

NON-SPORTING VARIETIES.

SAINT BERNARDS, although sometimes exceeding 3 feet at the shoulder, are as a rule very docile and good-tempered, and many are owned by ladies. The coat may be rough or smooth, according to taste; but either are splendid animals. They are sometimes seen self-coloured, but those with markings--shades of rich red, with white and black, for preference--are the handsomest. They are still used as "first aids" in the snow on the Swiss

mountains. So far as I remember, this is the only breed of dog used for stud and exhibition for which as much as £1,500 has been paid; and this has occurred on more than one occasion.

NEWFOUNDLANDS have regained their place in popularity, and many good blacks and black-and-whites can now be seen. Numerous cases are on record of their rendering aid to persons in danger of drowning, and establishing communication with wrecked vessels and the shore.

MASTIFFS are looked on as one of the national breeds. Their commanding presence and stately manner make them highly suitable as guards, and they are credited with much attachment and devotion to their owners. The colours are mostly shades of fawn with black muzzle, or shades of brindle. I am able to give the portrait of one of the best specimens living, belonging to Mr. R. Leadbetter.

BULL-DOGS are also regarded as a national breed. They are at present in high favour. The sizes and colours are so various that all tastes can be satisfied. Recently there has been a fancy for toy bull-dogs, limited to 22 lbs. in weight, mostly with upright ears of tulip shape. In spite of the many aspersions on their character, bull-dogs are usually easy-going and good-tempered, and are often very fastidious feeders--what fanciers call "bad doers."

ROUGH COLLIES are very graceful, interesting creatures, and stand first in intelligence amongst canines. They are highly popular. Several have been sold for over £1,000, and the amounts in prize-money and fees obtained by some of the "cracks" would surprise persons not in "the fancy." A high-bred specimen "in coat" is most beautiful. The colours most favoured are sables with white markings; but black, white, and tans, known as "tricolors," are pleasing and effective. I quite hoped to give a portrait of one of the most perfect of present-day champions, belonging to H.H. the Princess de Montglyn, but could not find room.

SMOOTH COLLIES are a handsome breed, full of grace, beauty, and intelligence, and very active and lively. A favourite colour is merle, a sort of lavender, with black markings and tan and white in parts, usually associated with one or both eyes china-coloured. Specimens often win in sheep-dog trials; a bitch of mine won many such, and was more intelligent in other ways than many human beings.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP-DOGS are a most fascinating breed, remarkably active, possessed of much endurance and resource, and very faithful and affectionate. I have often made long journeys through cross-country roads accompanied by one or more of them, and never knew them miss me, even on the darkest night or in the crowded streets of a large town. The favourite colour is pigeon-blue, with white collar and markings. The coat should be

straight and hard in texture. The illustration is from a portrait of one of the best bitches ever shown, belonging to Sir H. de Trafford.

DALMATIANS are always white, with black, liver, or lemon spots, the size of a shilling or less, evenly distributed over the body, head, ears, and even tail, and pure, without mixture of white. There is much of the pointer about this variety, which has long been used for sporting purposes on the continent of Europe. I can testify to their many good qualities as companions and house-dogs. To quote again from the article above mentioned: "It is commonly believed that the spotted carriage-dogs once so frequently kept in England were about the most useless creatures of the dog kind, maintained only for show and fashion. This is a mistake. They were used at a time when a travelling-carriage carried, besides its owners, a large amount of valuable property, and the dog watched the carriage at night when the owners were sleeping at country inns. We feel we owe an apology to the race of carriage-dogs.... While this dog is becoming extinct, in spite of his useful qualities, other breeds are invading spheres of work in which they had formerly no part." There is only one point in which I differ from the above, and that is contained in the last sentence. There are a number of enthusiastic breeders very keen on reviving interest in this variety, and I have during the last few years had large entries to judge, so that we shall probably see more of them in the future.

POODLES are of many sizes and colours. They are very intelligent, easily taught tricks, and much used as performing dogs. They have various kinds of coats: _corded_, in which the hair hangs in long strands or ringlets; _curly_, with a profusion of short curls all over them, something like retrievers; and _fluffy_, when the hair is combed out, to give much the appearance of fleecy wool. A part of the body, legs, head, and tail is usually shorn.

BULL-TERRIERS are now bred with small natural drooping ears, and should have long wedge-shaped heads, fine coats, and long tails. There is also a toy variety, which hitherto has suffered from round skulls and tulip ears, but is rapidly improving. I have bred many as small as 3 lbs. in weight. In each variety the colour preferred is pure white, without any markings, and with fine tapering tails.

IRISH TERRIERS are very popular, and should be nearly wholly red in colour, with long lean heads, small drooping ears, hard coats, not too much leg, and without coarseness. They make good comrades.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS have long been popular in the extreme north of England, and are another fighting breed. It is indeed often difficult to avoid a difference of opinion between show competitors. Their lean long heads, rather domed skulls, with top-knot of lighter hair, long pointed ears, and small dark eyes, give them a peculiar appearance. The coats, which are "lnty" in texture, should be shades of blue or liver.

Three breeds, all more or less hard in coat-texture, and grizzled in colour on heads and bodies, while tanned on other parts, are AIREDALE, OLD ENGLISH, and WELSH TERRIERS, which may be divided into large, medium, and small. The first-named make very good all-round dogs; the Old English, less in number, make useful dogs, and are hardy and companionable; while Welsh terriers are much the size of a small wire-haired fox-terrier, but usually shorter and somewhat thicker in the head. I intended one of Mr. W. S. Glynn's best dogs to illustrate the last-named.

FOX-TERRIERS are both smooth- and wire-haired. Their convenient size and lively temperament make them very popular as pets and companions for both sexes and all ages. The colour is invariably white, with or without markings on head or body, or both.

BLACK-AND-TAN and WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS are built upon the same lines, differing chiefly in colour, the former being raven-black, with tan markings on face, legs, and some lower parts of the body, and the latter pure white all over. Both should have small natural drooping ears, fine glossy coats, and tapering sterns. The toy variety of the former should be a miniature of the larger, and is very difficult to produce of first-class quality.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS are very interesting, often with much "character" about them. The usual colours are black, shades of grey, or brindle, but some are seen fawn, stone-colour, and white. The ears should be carried bolt upright, the coat as hard as a badger's, teeth even, small dark expressive eyes, fore legs straight, the back short. One I brought from Skye many years since I took with me when driving some miles into the country; coming back by a different route, he missed me; but on nearing my starting-point I found him posted at a juncture of four roads, by one of which I must return. He could not have selected a better position. The illustration is that of a first-rate specimen of the variety, "Champion Balmacron Thistle."

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS have many quaint and charming ways. They are very strongly built, being among the most muscular of the terriers, of high courage, devotedly attached to their owners, and admirably adapted for companions, being suitable for indoors or out, and at home anywhere. The colours are pepper (a sort of darkish iron-grey) and mustard (a yellowish red fawn), both with white silky hair on head, called the top-knot, and lustrous dark eyes, very gipsy-like and independent in expression.

SKYES, both PRICK- and DROP-EARED, are another Scottish breed which well deserve their popularity, as they are thorough sporting animals. The colours are chiefly shades of dark or light grey, but sometimes fawn with dark points and whites are seen. The texture of coat should be hard and weather-resisting; the eyes dark and keen in expression; bodies long, low, and well knit; legs straight in front; even mouths; tails carried gaily,

but not curled over the back.

SCHIPPERKES are of Belgian origin. To those who do not know them, they are something like medium-sized Pomeranians, short of coat, but without tails. They are nearly always pure black in colour, with coats of hardish texture, fullest round the neck and shoulders, the ears standing straight up like darts, short cobby bodies, and straight legs. They make smart guards and companions.

CHOWS originally came from China, but are now largely bred here. They are square-built sturdy dogs, with dense coats, tails carried over the side, blunt-pointed ears, and rather short thick heads. They have a little of a large coarse Pomeranian, with something of an Eskimo about them, but are different from either, with a type of their own. The colour is usually some shade of red or black, often with a bluish tinge in it. One marked peculiarity is that the tongues of chows are blue-black in colour.

POMERANIANS can be procured of any weight from 3 to 30 lbs., and of almost every shade of colour. At present brown of various shades is much in favour, but there are many beautiful whites, blacks, blues, sables, and others. They are very sharp and lively, and make charming pets and companions. Really good specimens command high prices. The illustration is of one of the best of his colour ever seen--"Champion Pippin."

PUGS, both fawn and black, are old-fashioned favourites very quaint and peculiar in appearance. They should have square heads and muzzles, with small ears, large protruding eyes, short thick bodies, and tails tightly curled over the back. The illustration, "Duchess of Connaught," is of a well-known winner.

MALTESE TERRIERS are very beautiful when pure bred. They have a long straight coat of silky white hair nearly reaching the ground, black nose and eyes, and the tail curled over the back of their short cobby body. Their beauty well repays the trouble of keeping them in good condition. The illustration, from a photograph taken for this article, is that of the high-class dog "Santa Klaus."

YORKSHIRE TOY TERRIERS, with their steel-blue bodies and golden-tanned faces, legs, and lower parts, and long straight coats, require skilful attention to keep in order, but are very attractive as pets.

TOY SPANIELS are very old members of the toy division, dating from or before the time of His Majesty King Charles: KING CHARLES SPANIELS being black and tan; PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS black, white, and tan; another strain, the BLENHEIM, white, with shades of reddish-tan markings on the head and body, and a spot of same colour on forehead; and the RUBY, a rich coppery red all over. They should be small and stout in size and shape, without coarseness, long in the ear, with large full protruding eyes of

dark colour, a short face, a straight coat, and not leggy.

JAPANESE SPANIELS carry heavy coats, usually black, or yellow, and white in colour, shorter in the ears, which are carried more forward than in the last-named, broader in the muzzle, with nearly flat faces, dark eyes, and bushy tails carried over the back. They have very short legs, and their hair nearly reaches the ground as they walk. When I kept them they were much larger in size, but they are often now produced under 6 lbs. in weight.

PEKIN SPANIELS, the last of the toy spaniels I need mention, come from China. They should have soft fluffy coats, tails inclined to turn over the back, short faces, broad muzzles, large lustrous eyes, and a grave, dignified expression. The colour is usually some shade of tawny fawn or drab, but I have seen them black and dark brown; whatever colour, it should be without white. The illustration, Mrs. Lindsay's "Tartan Plaid," was one of the early importations.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS, another old-fashioned variety of toy dog, should not exceed 12 lbs. in weight, but in my opinion are better if they are some pounds less. Much like miniature greyhounds in shape and build, they are elegant, graceful little creatures, very sensitive to cold. Shades of fawn, cream, or French grey are most common; but some are slate-blue, chestnut-red, and other tints. Of late years the breed has met with more encouragement, and there is less fear of its being allowed to die out.

GRIFFONS BRUSSELOIS have been greatly taken up the last few years. They are something like Yorkshire toy terriers in size and shape, but with a shortish harsh coat, generally of some shade of reddish brown, very short face, small shining dark eyes, heavy under-jaw, short thick body, and an altogether comical appearance. Imported specimens, particularly before reaching maturity, are often difficult to rear.

The AFRICAN SAND-DOG occasionally seen in this country (mostly at shows) is remarkable for being entirely hairless, except a few hairs of a bristly character on the top of the head and a slight tuft at the end of the tail; it is chiefly blue-black or mottled in colour, something in shape and size like a coarse black-and-tan terrier, and very susceptible to cold.

Having been supplied with an illustration of PARIAH PUPPIES, I will say a few words about this variety, which is seen in large numbers at Constantinople and other Eastern cities, where they roam about unclaimed, and act as amateur scavengers; they are said to divide the places they inhabit into districts or beats, each with its own leader, and resent any interference with their authority. I have known cases where they have made a determined attack on travellers out late at night; but they are rather a cowardly race, and easily repulsed with a little firmness on the part of the attacked. Probably these are the descendants of the dogs so often

mentioned in Scripture with opprobrium; and, among Eastern peoples, to call a man "a dog" is even now the most insulting epithet that can be used. By the Jews, in ancient times, the dog never seems to have been used, as with us, in hunting and pursuing game and wild animals, but merely as a guardian of their flocks, herds, and sometimes dwellings.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

Project Gutenberg's *A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals*, by Percy J. Billingham

A Frenchman of family and fortune, travelling alone through a forest, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave, till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of a friend of his master's, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

Struck by these actions, the company decided to follow the dog, who led them to a tree where he began scratching the earth and howling. On digging, the body of the unhappy man was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin; when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey. As the dog continued to pursue and attack his master's murderer, although docile to all others, his behaviour began to attract notice and comment.

At length the affair reached the king's ear, who sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he saw the murderer, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the assassin and the dog. The lists were appointed, and the man was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

An empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. The dog finding himself at liberty ran around his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he gripped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess before the king and the whole court. The assassin was afterwards convicted and beheaded.

OUR HYMN

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws rounds us, then the lovely caterwaul,
Tart solo, sour duet and general squall,
These are our hymn.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,--
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,--
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,--
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

The dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets,
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad

To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Book of Humorous Verse*, by Various,
Edited by Carolyn Wells

BY THE SEA.

I started early, took my dog,
And visited the sea;
The mermaids in the basement
Came out to look at me,

And frigates in the upper floor
Extended hempen hands,
Presuming me to be a mouse
Aground, upon the sands.

But no man moved me till the tide
Went past my simple shoe,
And past my apron and my belt,
And past my bodice too,

And made as he would eat me up
As wholly as a dew
Upon a dandelion's sleeve --
And then I started too.

And he -- he followed close behind;
I felt his silver heel
Upon my ankle, -- then my shoes
Would overflow with pearl.

Until we met the solid town,
No man he seemed to know;
And bowing with a mighty look
At me, the sea withdrew.

Project Gutenberg's *Poems: Three Series, Complete*, by Emily Dickinson

THE SHOWMAN'S DOGS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *"Boy" the Wandering Dog, Adventures of a Fox Terrier*, by Marshall Saunders

It was six months ago that the twins came, and now they are fine healthy young babies, being pushed round in their perambulator all over the place by their nurse, who is so well-trained and so up-to-date that she is over-trained or "fine" as Gringo says.

Gringo and I were watching them one day a few weeks ago, as we sat side by side up in the orchard at the Bonstones'. This orchard is a little one containing very old trees, and is never ploughed. It is a lovely shady place to rest, for the grass is kept short and is soft as a carpet. It has become quite a social meeting-place for the dogs of the neighbourhood, and we often discuss things there.

"Fine babies, those," I remarked.

"Yes," assented Gringo, "I suppose you wouldn't find a finer pair in the whole state of New York."

"Do you like them better than the little girl, Cyria?" I asked.

Old Gringo wrinkled his forehead. "I never think about that," he said. "They're all ours, and I guess the mister and missis don't think of it either."

"That's good," I replied. "I'd hate to see the little brown baby made uncomfortable."

Gringo chuckled. "Those were great times back in New York, but I'm glad I'm in this army."

"There's no doubt about it, you are firmly wedded to country life now," I said.

"Wedded, I guess so, and I often snicker to think how I'd have fought to a finish any dog in the Bowery that told me I'd get to praise the country and run down the city."

"And you thought you'd get bored here," I said with a sly laugh.

"Bored," and he grunted happily, "what chance have I? It's up at daylight with mister, and out to the stables and barn, laying out the

day's work for the men, examining the stock to see they're all first class--by the way, mister's going to make a fortune raising colts, 'cause the war cleaned out all the horses--then in the house for breakfast--I say, Boy, things do taste good out here in this clear air--then in town in the car, out again, and pottering around after missis and little Cyria, out in the gardens and after the hens till lunch time, then a drive in for mister, and a stop in the village with him."

"I say, Gringo," I interrupted, "I believe of all the things your master and mine have done out here, that automobile school is the best."

"Right you are," said the old dog. "These lads that my boss picks up out of prisons, and in the streets, won't settle down to anything that isn't pretty lively. They'll break colts or hustle round a machine shop, but they'll not stick to indoor work."

"That breaking colts is new business to me," I said. "How can you take a pale, weak, city lad and make him successful? I thought you had to have strong men."

"Oh, that's the old brute way," said Gringo. "You begin now when coltie is young and tender. Hitch him up with a little bit of something dangling after him. Break him in gradually to something bigger. Lots of these city yaps haven't ever had anything to like--anything decent, you know."

"I understand," I replied. "They've had nothing to love."

"There's one rogue," said Gringo, "who sleeps in the boxstall with his pet colt, and 'pon my word, I've seen him with his arm round its neck. He's a guttersnipe, and my boss will soon rout him out and make him sleep in a bed, but he ain't too hasty with these low-life chaps."

"What's this new talk about jitney cars?" I asked.

"Our bosses have got a lot of second-hand cars, and are doctoring them for some of our lads who can run them about New York like a taxi-man does."

"But a jitney is a five-cent fare thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it pays. Catch my boss in anything that doesn't speak up when it's spoken to."

"That will be fine," I said, "for then the boys will be self-supporting."

"I didn't finish my day, Boy," said the old dog, "after we tot up things down at the village, we have our supper, and don't the food taste first-class, then a short evening on the veranda, and then bed. I tell you it's a full day, as full as a Bowery day."

I laughed, and he laughed too; then I said, "I'm mighty glad, old man, that the intimacy between our two families has kept up."

"So am I," said he, "but do you know what I overheard when we first came out? Says my missie to your missie, 'Claudia, we are only a mile apart. If we see too much of each other, we shall fight. We 'most did the other day--and our husbands shouldn't be too much together. They'll fall out, sure as rats.'"

"Did she says 'rats'?" I asked.

"Oh! that, or something like it," said the old dog so impatiently that I resolved not to interrupt him again.

"Well," he went on, "says she, says my missie to yours, 'I'd hate to have a break,' and your missie said so would she, then they said they wouldn't call for a week, and next morning your missie was over to borrow a pattern for a pair of knitted reins for Georgie to play horsie, and my missie was back in the afternoon to take her some sweet pickles she had been making. So there you are--and I must not forget to say that the two families were all over on your veranda in the evening."

"Good joke," I said laughing heartily, "and we dogs are just as friendly as the human beings."

"Thick as thieves," said Gringo, "and I must say we're a pretty good gang."

As Gringo was speaking, two of the dogs in the performing troupe that Amarilla belonged to, came round the corner of the house. They are two beautiful snow-white French poodles, and have exquisite manners. When they first came out, they were thin and frightened. That was before we arrived. By the time we came, they were fat and prosperous and happy looking dogs. On the stage, they had worn their hair clipped in the approved fashion for poodles, and their forelocks were tied up with ribbon.

Mrs. Bonstone took the ribbons off, for she wanted them to be real dogs, she said, and they are only clipped now when warm weather comes, and then all over.

It does Gringo and me all the good in the world to see the quiet delight these two handsome dogs take in their well-ordered life here.

They are full of interest in American life. They were born in Paris, and at first they thought the whole world was bounded by the Seine where they used to be taken to be washed. Then they were sold to this dreadful man, Fifeson, who beat them sometimes, but not nearly as often as he beat Amarilla, for poodles are naturally splendid trick dogs, and learn things easily.

“Gringo,” I said, “do you think these dogs are any different from other dogs who have never been treated cruelly?”

“‘Course I do,” he growled. “Don’t you see they ain’t like you and me?”

“Yes, I see it,” I replied, “but I wanted to know whether you did.”

“Their spirit’s broken,” he said. “The Frenchmen are happy, but there’s a look in their eye, as if they wouldn’t be surprised any minute, if some one up and struck them.”

“Weary Winnie doesn’t show it as much as they do,” I said.

Gringo grinned. Weary Winnie was his pet among the showman’s dogs. She was a fat, lazy, young miniature bull-dog with a wrinkled muzzle that looked as if she were always smelling something disagreeable and one white tooth that stuck out beyond the others. She came of grand stock, but was rather stupid, and had played an old woman on the stage, being dressed up in a shawl and bonnet. Amarilla says her beatings were awful, for she couldn’t seem to learn the simplest thing. The showman made her hold things in her mouth, and at last he had to give up the pipe, for she always let it fall out. Finally he tied a basket to her lips, and the string hurt her.

When we came out here, she was taken over to our house to be a playmate for me, but she used to run away and howl about this place till at last master asked Mr. Bonstone to keep her. When she isn’t sleeping, she is paddling about after Gringo, and looking just about as graceful as he does.

She sleeps in a box-stall in one of the stables, with the Frenchmen. Mr. Bonstone likes to have plenty of dogs about his horses, for they are such good guardians. No stranger can get near the horses when the dogs are at their post, and some of them are always in or near the stables.

Gringo, of course, always sleeps in his master’s dressing-room. He saved Mr. Bonstone’s life once, out west, when a bad man who was his enemy crawled in a window at night, and was just about to shoot at that head on the pillow so dear to Gringo.

“How did you stop him?” I often ask Gringo, for he loves to tell the story.

“Just took a playful leap at his throat,” the old dog always says.

“And what did your master do?”

“Heard the rumpus, got up, and took the man’s gun away.”

“And what did the man do?”

“Broke down, and wanted to shake hands with the boss.”

“And what did your master do?”

“Shook, and told him to go home, and get another gun.”

Gringo, of course, can leap like a cat, that being one of the characteristics of a thoroughbred bull-dog. He, however, can jump higher than most bull-dogs, for the man from whom Mr. Bonstone bought him had given him special training. He was a famous boxer, and Gringo says he used to put on gloves and have many a go with him. Gringo would spring at the boxer’s chest--he was a six-footer--and try to bite a button from his vest. The boxer would give him good blows with his gloves, and drive him away, but Gringo always came back. It was rough training, but it made the young dog hardy.

Besides the Frenchmen and Weary Winnie, the Bonstones have Yeggie, a mongrel, another one of the showman’s lot. Oh! what an eloquent looking little fellow he is. His eyes seem to be pleading with you to make up some message, that he is unable to deliver.

Amarilla says he is another one that got plenty of whacks from the showman. She says that look of tears in his eyes, means that he is trying to tell you of his troubles, so that you will sympathise with him.

All these show dogs have nightmare most horribly. That is one reason why Gringo won’t allow Weary Winnie to sleep in the house with him. He had her in one night, and he said that though he was fond of the creature, he couldn’t have her yelling blue murder every hour in his ear.

Yeggie is young and dashing, and hasn’t very good manners. He was a tramp dog when the showman got him, and sometimes he annoys me by saying that I, too, led a tramp’s life. I explain to him over and over again, that a wandering dog isn’t necessarily a tramp dog, but he can’t make the distinction. Poor fellow, he hadn’t early advantages, and is

rather inelegant in his ways. We older dogs are always correcting him, but he forgets easily and is still very heedless. However, he has a very happy time, and that is the main thing. He loves the men and the horses, and always sleeps on the foot of Joe's bed in his room over the larger of the two stables.

Thomas sleeps in the other stable, and Czarina is always his companion. She is a magnificent Russian wolfhound, and is Mrs. Bonstone's special pet, next to Sir Walter, who is the favourite-in-chief, though he is not very much with his mistress now on account of his devotion to the hens.

I should have mentioned sooner this aristocratic dog. From the start, Sir Walter liked the idea of moving to the country, for it suggested his former life in Scotland.

Gringo and I imagined he would be the show-dog of the place--always in evidence on the avenue, in the drawing-room, on the verandas, or hanging about the automobiles.

To our amazement, that dog's one idea when he got to the country was to have something to boss. He would have preferred sheep, but Mr. Bonstone could not keep any, as we are too near the city. Sir Walter could do nothing with the horses, for the men were with them all the time, and told them what to do.

"He wants to run a show of his own," Gringo used to say, "and though I like the dog, he ain't going to boss me!"

He couldn't boss me, either, and not one of the showman's dogs minded a word he said. He did fuss round the Jersey cows a bit, but the lad that drove them to and from the pasture wouldn't have Sir Walter interfering, so he took to following Mrs. Bonstone about when she took care of her large flock of hens.

They were beautiful white Wyandottes, and were kind and sensible. It is wonderful what intelligence hens have when one treats them well. Sir Walter got interested in them, found he could order them about to his heart's content, and when seeding-time came, he had made himself so useful that kind-hearted Mrs. Bonstone was delighted to be able to give them their liberty, under his superintendence.

Those hens knew just as well as Christians that it was naughty to scratch up the seeds in the vegetable and flower gardens, but they had a pleasant little way of yielding to temptation till Sir Walter took them in hand.

"Bow, wow! chickies," he would say, running round and round them, and

carefully steering them away from danger points to the orchard or the meadow, or the new land that was being broken up by a plough.

Those hens minded him beautifully, and he was as happy as the day was long.

At first, the other dogs would roar with laughter to see him rush out to the hen-houses in the morning, wait for his charges to be let out, and wander about with them all day.

One day he caught Yeggie making faces at him, and gave him a great walloping, and that taught all of us to be more respectful. If he liked hens, he had a right to associate with them.

“A gentleman can perform any kind of menial labour without degrading himself,” Sir Walter said to Yeggie, and emphasised it by a bite on the ear.

As time went on, the hens became more and more of a passion with Sir Walter, and by the time the twins came he was sleeping out in a kennel by the hen-houses, and had a pet white chicken roosting on his back. Its name is Betsy, and it is not to be killed, but kept for him, as he is so fond of it.

Many of the Bonstones' neighbours have hens stolen, but no one now ever braves the army of dogs at Green Hill.

One man tried it--a stranger who did not know about the dogs. He had tramped out from New York, and seeing the flock of Wyandottes on the farm as he passed by on the road, he decided it would be a good place to steal a few chickens. He lay hidden in some bushes till night, then he crept cautiously to the barn. Sir Walter met him, and growlingly escorted him to his kennel. The other dogs scented a stranger, and the unhappy tramp found himself confronted by Weary Winnie, Yeggie, the Frenchmen and Czarina. They did not bite him. Mr. Bonstone's dogs, and ours too, are trained never to put their teeth in a man unless he is trying to kill them, or some human being. We can nose, and push, and knock over, and grip, if necessary, but not bite.

The poor tramp was in a dilemma, and finally he crawled into Sir Walter's kennel, and covered himself with straw.

Cook was the first one up at the hen-houses in the morning. She wanted fresh eggs for breakfast.

Seeing Sir Walter watching the kennel door with a peculiar air, she went up and looked in, and screamed when she saw a man's head in the straw.

Thomas and Joe came running from the barn, and ordered the man to come out.

“Sure and I can’t,” he said, “those gentlemanly dogs have peeled every stitch of clothing off me.”

Sir Walter says his clothes were thin and old, and they literally dropped off him, when the dogs pushed him about.

Thomas howled with delight, and telling the man to shake off the straw in which he was buried, he sent Joe up to the house for a suit of old clothes of Mr. Bonstone’s. That tramp had the greatest admiration for the dogs, and sat about the place for days smoking and staring at them.

Mr. Bonstone at last ordered him to get out. He absolutely wouldn’t work, and busy Mr. Bonstone was not the kind of man to have an idle person about.

EARTH'S GONE TO THE DOGS!

By William J. McClellan

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Ruskin leaned back and yawned--the porch chair creaked comfortably. It was a comfortable day. Fifty yards away the barnyard was alive with Spring noises. Clean crisp smells floated to him through the bright morning air.

Daisy walked slowly up and watched him with big affectionate eyes. Ruskin smiled down at her. She was a pretty one, pretty soft hair, deep blue eyes, lithe rounded lines.

"Nice doggie."

He patted her head gently.

"Nice doggie," he repeated.

Holidays in the country came too seldom.

The quiet was wonderful.

Tom, the wrinkled little farmhand, opened the porch door.

"Mr. Ruskin?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Man here to see you."

"Who?"

"That digger fellow."

Ruskin frowned and swore quietly. Even his holidays were shattered by people who couldn't forget he was Commissioner of Internal Security. And these people were always little unimportant ones, like this archeologist Bigelow, whose little fears suddenly became giant threats to national security.

"Send him out here, Tom."

Tom turned back into the house. Ruskin could hear his gruff voice inside, and a few moments later Bigelow, stooped and bespectacled, emerged from the house.

Ruskin smiled weakly.

"Hello, Bigelow."

"Good morning, Commissioner."

Bigelow stood, clutching his briefcase, shaking with excitement. Then suddenly his eyes fell on Daisy and something like fear passed over his face.

"Sit down, Bigelow."

Bigelow balanced himself delicately on the edge of a porch chair, his briefcase resting on his long bony knees. But his eyes remained fixed on the dog.

"Is this social or business, Bigelow?"

"Sort of both, Commissioner," he answered slowly. Then added quickly, "But I wouldn't disturb your holiday if it wasn't important."

Ruskin nodded dully.

Then several moments of silence during which Bigelow continued to watch Daisy carefully. Finally, since his visitor did not seem inclined to speak, Ruskin asked simply, "Well?"

"First tell the dog to go away."

"Daisy?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I won't say a word with _IT_ here."

Ruskin shrugged.

"As you wish," he said. "Daisy ... go ... go on, like a good girl."

Daisy's big eyes seemed hurt but, reluctantly, she walked away.

* * * * *

Bigelow watched suspiciously after her until she was well out of hearing.

"Now," he began, "a week ago we started digging around the crater on the East Coast where some great pre-Atomic cities once stood...."

Bigelow paused excitedly.

Ruskin sighed. It was much too nice a day....

"... and there we came upon THREE pre-Atomic books!"

Bigelow paused again.

"A wonderful find," Ruskin said, without enthusiasm.

"More wonderful than you think, Commissioner."

Bigelow squared his shoulders dramatically.

"Two of them were much like the other pre-Atomic books in the museums, but the third...."

Bigelow was bursting with excitement.

"... the third had pictures in it!"

Ruskin straightened up.

"Amazing!"

Never before had a pre-Atomic book been found with pictures. Artists had painted their own versions drawn from the few meager written descriptions....

"How many pictures, Bigelow?"

"Plenty, but just one would be enough to shake the foundations of our social world!"

He opened his briefcase and pulled out a small book protected by its own cloth cover. He opened to a marked page.

"Just take a look at this!"

Ruskin took the book and stared curiously at a picture showing a dressed up dog sitting in a chair patting a human on the head. The caption read: MAN'S BEST FRIEND GETS REWARD.

Ruskin glanced back at Bigelow.

"I don't understand," he said slowly. "Is it some kind of joke-book?"

Bigelow grinned narrowly.

"A very bitter joke, Commissioner. A joke of Mother Nature's."

"I'm still not sure I understand...."

"I think you do, Commissioner," Bigelow countered quickly. "Now so many of the things we couldn't understand become clear to us. The naked animal on the floor in the picture is our ancestor, and the hairless thing in the chair is our dog!"

Ruskin shook his head.

"Impossible!"

"Not at all! In the lower animal and plant orders more amazing mutations occurred during the Atomic Wars--we just never noticed because they didn't touch us closely."

Ruskin's mind rushed over the implications, all the frightful and carefully ignored aberrations of the Atomic blasts.

If it was true, and he still wouldn't let himself be convinced, it would be a tremendous blow to the morale of Society. And it was his duty to protect the well-being of Society. He must decide ... now ... for Society....

"This is a very delicate problem, Bigelow," he said finally.

"I know, Commissioner."

"You've come upon something ... fantastic."

"Thank you, Commissioner."

"We must handle this very carefully."

"I understand."

"Good. Leave the book with me ... for security reasons ... and I'll figure how to handle it."

"Well...."

"Of course, I'll see that you get all the credit you deserve."

Bigelow rose.

"Very well, Commissioner. I'll leave it in your hands."

He left with the air of a man just conquering the world.

* * * * *

Ruskin sat, the closed book in both hands, for a long long while. It was very late when he called the Psycho Section.

"Yes," Psycho answered. "We have a file on Bigelow."

"Have you ever interned him?"

"No. But he's catalogued as extremely unstable."

"Fine. Thank you."

Ruskin placed the receiver carefully back on the cradle. Nothing to fear from Bigelow. He rose and walked slowly toward the fire.

He looked down at the book.

War! War! War! From the beginning of man almost to his own destruction.

Since the Atomic Wars Earth had been comparatively peaceful--because, people thought, Man had become surfeited of war.

Ruskin frowned.

Attitudes, someone had once said, are more important than facts.

He dropped the book into the flames.

Very well, then.

Let Earth be happy.

* * * * *

Daisy walked slowly over to him and barked quietly. The pretty golden hair hung gently over her shoulders, and her blue eyes were very soft.

Ruskin patted her gently.

"Nice doggie," he said.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cartouche*, by Frances Peard

"Cartouche! Cartouche!"

The call came from a young Englishman, who, having just walked through the streets of Florence on his way from the station, now found himself before a small house which stood not far from the Cascine in an open space, pleasantly planted with trees, and within view of the Arno. The house itself was white, if so cold a colour may be taken to represent that mellow and golden effect which quickly enriches the plaster of Italy; and it was gay with green shutters and striped awnings, for it was yet early autumn, and the City of Flowers had not long cooled down from the extreme heats which make it unbearable in summer. There was still a hot and languid glow lying on the violet-tinted hills which on either side surround the plain; still the Lung' Arno was avoided, and

people kept close under the shadows of the narrow streets; or, if they must needs cross the river, crossed it by the Ponte Vecchio, under the shelter of its quaint old shops.

The door of the house at which the young man had arrived was open, but his call having produced no effect, instead of entering he stood still and repeated it. "Cartouche!"

This time there was a dull thud on the ground to his right; a great black poodle had jumped from an upper window, and recovering himself in a moment, broke into the most extravagant demonstrations of welcome, leaping upon the new-comer, barking and rushing about with every hair flying out from his body. The young man, who was fair and curly-haired, and tall, though inclined to stoop, looked at the window and then at the dog, and gave a whistle of surprise.

"Let me advise you not to try that too often, my friend," he said seriously. "It is just as well for you that the house is not a trifle higher, as I presume you would not have taken the difference into your calculations. And a nice time your mistress must be having, if these are the ways in which you indulge."

The dog's answer was a vigorous bound, which almost upset the young man's balance; then rushing wildly round and round the open place under the plane trees, his black hair streaming in the wind, he suddenly pulled himself up and stood watching his friend, his head on one side, his small eyes gleaming from a dishevelled tangle, and his long tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Yes," said the tall Englishman, still regarding him meditatively, "I understand what all that means, old fellow. You have a good supply of animal spirits, and a difficulty in working off the steam under present circumstances. I don't know that I feel as sympathetic as you have a right to expect, but, at any rate, I shall be able to do something for you, and if you could contrive to make over a little of what is really inconveniencing you, I have not the slightest objection to be troubled with it. Where is your mistress?"

As he spoke he turned towards the door and went in. The house seemed to have fallen by accident among all the great buildings of Florence: it had no porter, no staircase with flats going on and on; it had been built or altered by some Englishman, who had a fancy for a home that should be like England, although the beautiful Italian skies were overhead; and Jack Ibbetson, when he came out with his aunt, Miss Cartwright, to look for a house, fell upon this place, and did not rest until he got hold of it for her. Inside the door there were flowers; a few steps led into a passage which turned off at right angles, and then Ibbetson opened the door of a small salon, and walked through it towards

the window, while his eye took in certain evidences that Cartouche had been holding high revel there to the detriment of cushions and covers.

"So you still go on the rampage, old fellow?" he said to the dog, who kept close to his heels in a state of suppressed excitement. "If I were you I would leave off this style of thing, I really would. It is nothing short of tyranny on your part. Hallo! what's up now?"

For with a wild swoop Cartouche pounced into a corner, dragged out a basket, rushed to the window, and in a moment more was careering round and round the little garden in which the proprietor had indulged his English tastes. It was an odd little garden, with a wall round it, and a poor pretence at English grass, but the wall had capers and pretty hanging things growing out of it, and lizards darting up and down; and the beauty of the garden lay in its great flowering shrubs, in the magnolias, just beginning to show scarlet flames of seed among their glossy leaves, in the bright green of an orange tree and the broad ribbed foliage of Japanese medlars. That some one was sitting there became evident in another moment, when there were uttered a series of appeals in a feminine voice--

"Cartouche, Cartouche! Oh, Cartouche, how can you! Come here, you naughty, naughty dog! I shall be obliged to beat you, you know I shall! Come, now, like a good dog. Cartouche, Cartouche, come here!"

The young Englishman, standing back at the window, smiled at the little scene, at the pretty soft little lady who had got up anxiously and left her work on the chair, at the dog's evident enjoyment, his pretence of remorse and abandonment, the slow wag of his tail as he waited for his mistress to approach, the swift rush with which he made his escape. At last, when he had drawn her to the limit of the garden, he suddenly dropped the basket, raced back to her chair, and seizing a loose tassel which she had been about to sew on to a cushion, pranced up to the young man with an air of infinite triumph. Miss Cartwright turned round and saw her nephew emerging.

"Jack, is it you?" she cried. And then she hurried towards him with both her kind hands outstretched. "My dear, dear boy, I can hardly believe it; this is delightful, this is why I have had no letter! Have you just come? Have you had nothing to eat? Angela shall send up something at once, and Winter shall go to Franconi's. My dear, it is so good to see you, and I was thinking of nothing but that naughty dog. What is that you are taking out of his mouth?"

"I'm afraid it's a tassel," said Jack gravely. "Shall I flog him?"

Miss Cartwright was one of those kind gentle people whose conscience and soft-heartedness are always falling foul of each other.

"Perhaps it does not so much matter," she said hurriedly; "it is only the same tassel which he has torn off so often before, that I daresay he fancies he has a sort of right to it."

"I'm very much afraid he is giving you no end of trouble," said Jack remorsefully.

"Oh, my dear, no! He is wonderfully good, and so affectionate that sometimes it quite brings the tears into my eyes. But of course he is young, and one can't expect him to understand everything at once, can one?"

"That is the old story, Aunt Mary," said Jack, smiling kindly; "I have got too much good out of the excuse myself to begrudge it to Cartouche."

But Miss Cartwright hardly heard his words; she was looking at him, her face full of that sweet warm happiness which often brightens lives which seem to us on-lookers grey and commonplace. What do we know, after all? The passionate thrills, the great tides of emotion, which we call happiness, are often more nearly allied to pain; true bliss creeps out from strange, unlooked-for crannies, from the unselfishness which has seemed to set it aside. Jack was struck and touched by the gladness in her face, by the peace of the little garden, its vines and its roses. He had a feeling as if it could not last, as if he himself were bringing in the element of unrest. He stopped his aunt when she was beginning to question him.

"You have not heard how Cartouche got at me."

"No--did he know your step? Oh, my dear," she said, pausing blankly.

"Well?"

"I have just remembered I had shut him into an upstairs room, and the key is in my pocket."

"It's quite safe, you need not feel for it," said Jack gravely. "The fact is, he jumped out of the window."

"Oh, but I hope, I do hope you are mistaken," said Miss Cartwright in great perturbation. "I have always felt so safe when we have got him upstairs; it really will be serious if this is no restraint. Because, even if the windows were closed"--she stopped and looked doubtfully at Cartouche, who presented an aspect of complete indifference.

"He would go through them--not a doubt of it."

"My dear boy, don't say such dreadful things! But then, what can we do? Never mind, I dare say he will not be naughty again," she went on, bringing her unlimited hopefulness to bear; "besides, it was owing to your coming so unexpectedly, and you have explained nothing as yet. I shall just go and see Winter, and tell her to get everything ready for you, and then I shall come back, and hear all that you have been doing."

Left to himself, Ibbetson sat down on a garden bench, and with his head sunk between his shoulders, his long legs stretched stiffly out, and his hands disposed of in his pockets, fell into a reverie, which, to judge from his looks, was not of an altogether agreeable nature. So absorbed by it was he, that Cartouche, tired of a short-lived goodness, went off to relieve his spirits by bullying the cat of the household, an animal which, having been always distinguished for a singularly placid disposition, was now rapidly acquiring the characteristics of a vixen, goaded thereto by a good-humoured but unceasing persecution. What with barks and spittings, there was noise enough to disturb a less profound meditation, but when Miss Cartwright at length came hurrying out, her nephew kept the same attitude, and was unaware of her approach. Thinking that he was asleep, she stood looking at him with a tender wistfulness in her soft eyes; for now that his face was in repose she noticed a tired and grave expression which she fancied should not have been there. It was not a handsome face, for there was a greater squareness than is considered consistent with good looks, and the mouth was large. But his eyes were grey and honest, and all the features gave you a pleasant impression of openness and health which in itself was a strong attraction to less partial observers than his aunt. Nor was the partiality itself wonderful, when it was considered that she had acted as mother to Jack since the time when his own mother had died, a time so long ago that he was too small to know anything about it--or so they decided. When it happened, Miss Cartwright went to live with her brother-in-law, and to bring up Jack.

She did this--the more loyally and creditably that she and her brother-in-law never got on well together. It was not that they quarrelled, but that they had little in common. Sir John Ibbetson was a poor squire who farmed his own land, and never seemed to grow any the richer for it; perhaps the truth was, that being haunted by the impression that ill-luck dogged his footsteps, he could scarcely be induced to take any but a gloomy view of whatever concerned him. That Jack's early life was not coloured by such grim presentiments was owing to Miss Cartwright's persistent cheerfulness, which, while a perpetual trial to Sir John, made the home atmosphere healthy for the boy. Few people could have retained their sweet temper and interest in minor matters so thoroughly as she retained them, in spite of constant rebuffs; nor could she ever be talked into taking despairing views of Jack's juvenile naughtinesses, or into foreshadowing future disgrace from his inability or unwillingness to master the intricacies of the

Latin grammar. But perhaps her best service both to father and son was in keeping well before the boy his father's actual affection, and thus preventing Sir John's over-anxiety from alienating his son, which might have been a not unnatural result. As it was, the lad grew up high-spirited and perhaps a little wilful, but generous in his impulses, and with a sweet temper which it was difficult to ruffle. He was universally liked at Harrow and Oxford, and, like other men, got both good and bad out of his popularity; but being too lazy for hard work, only scrambled through what had to be done, and grievously disappointed his father, although the latter had never professed to look forward to better things. It might have been owing to this disappointment that Sir John took a step which caused the most lively amazement to Jack, Miss Cartwright, his servants, and, in a lesser degree, to the whole circle of his acquaintances. He announced his engagement to a rich widow.

When the first astonishment had been got over, nobody had a word to say against it except Jack. He disliked it so vehemently as even to surprise his aunt, who, with all her knowledge of him, was unaware how tenderly he cherished the idea--for remembrance it could scarcely be called--of his lost mother, or how much he resented a step of his father's which seemed to prove her to be forgotten. However, though the sore remained, his nature was too sweet not to suffer it to be mollified, although he entirely refused to benefit by the substantial kindnesses which his stepmother--to her credit be it spoken--would willingly have heaped upon him. It seemed, indeed, as if the necessary spur had at last touched his life. He studied for the bar more closely than he had ever done before, was constant in his attendance at the courts, and in his letters to his aunt expressed such an eager desire for her briefs, that if her disposition had not been absolutely peaceful, she might have returned to England on purpose to seek for a lawsuit. As it was, she began to develop what seemed like a sanguinary thirst for crime, reading the police reports in her English papers with less horror at the wickedness there brought to light, than anxiety that something should turn up for Jack.

Sir John's marriage had taken place nearly a year ago, and Miss Cartwright, uprooted from what had been her home for a long series of years, had, partly from old associations, partly to please Jack, and partly because an old maiden friend was bent upon the scheme, determined to make Florence her home for a time. It was the last thing anyone expected from her, but those are just the things which people do. She and Miss Preston had moved to Siena for the summer, and now had come back to the pretty homelike little house on which they had fallen. Miss Preston was the part of the arrangement against which Jack protested in vain. She was tall, hook-nosed, commanding: she did not believe in him; she set her face against weaknesses of all kinds, and considered it her mission to protect Miss Cartwright. When people's worth takes this sort of disagreeable shape, it is astonishing how much more indignation it

raises amongst their neighbours than falls to the share of real sinners; and perhaps this was the tie which kept these two--unlike as they were--together. Miss Cartwright, who looked up to her friend with all her heart, was really filled with a vague and tender pity which Miss Preston never knew. It was she who was the actual protector--smoothing down, explaining, thinking no evil, and making people ashamed of their own.

Then there was Cartouche. Jack had picked him up as a puppy in the South of France, and insisted upon his aunt taking charge of him.

"He will have plenty of room here to run about and get himself tamed down a little," he explained, "whereas in London he would be miserable. You need not trouble yourself about him, he is clever enough to take care of himself and you into the bargain. If you don't really like him I can send him to my fathers, only it struck me he would be just what you want here; what do you say about it?"

He put the question, but would perhaps have been surprised had a third person pointed out how little doubt he felt about the answer. Miss Cartwright would have looked upon herself as a barbarian if she had refused any gift offered her by Jack, and immediately set herself to apply to Cartouche the same hopefulness which she had brought to bear upon her nephew's education. Miss Preston's wrath was great, but there was another power in the house--Winter, Miss Cartwright's maid, and Winter hated Miss Preston. Opposition, therefore, carried Winter to the side of Cartouche, and opposition forms as strong a bond as anything else.

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Mary Bloom, American Kennel Club - <http://journals.plos.org/plosbiology/article?id=10.1371/journal.pbio.1000310>

Montage showing the coat variation of the dog.

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